HORROR SPECTACULAR

WIN $1,000
See pg.13

GOREZONE

Gruesome 1st Issue!!!

JACOBS PUBLICATIONS STARLOG GROUP

From the creators of FANGORIA

$3.50 U.S./$4.50 CANADA
K46478 MAY

Plus: Movie previews, reviews & VIDEO WATCHDOG

EXCLUSIVE!
Freddy directs a movie!

How to be a Makeup FX Artist
By JOHN CAGLIONE & DOUG DREXLER

NEW Horror Fiction
By J.N. WILLIAMSON

Michael Weldon, splatter critic at the movies

Chas. Balun's disgusting cannibal pix!

BAD DREAMS:
More nightmares from ALIENS producer

BONUS! FOUR GIANT BLOODY POSTERS!

05
0 71896 46478 8

ALL NEW BLOOD & GUTS

Gorezone

Gruesome 1st Issue!!!

From the creators of FANGORIA

Plus: Movie Previews, reviews & VIDEO WATCHDOG

EXCLUSIVE! Freddy directs a movie!

How to be a Makeup FX Artist By JOHN CAGLIONE & DOUG DREXLER

NEW Horror Fiction By J.N.WILLIAMSON

FOUND! Censored splatter scenes from THE FLY & NIGHTMARE 3

GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR TEETH CHATTER AND YOUR FLESH CRAWL!

BONUS! FOUR GIANT BLOODY POSTERS!

Gorezone

DO YOU DARE ENTER THE GOREZONE?

FANGORIA presents GOREZONE, a brand new (still warm!) publication devoted to horror films and TV, packed with interviews and articles on Freddy, Jason, Leatherface and all your other favorites!

But that's not all! Each issue of GOREZONE also holds four giant, fold-out posters, each measuring a horrifying 16 x 22 inches! Plus, the very best in horror fiction!

GOREZONE is lavishly illustrated with dozens of yummy (and yucky!) photos!

A WORLD OF ABSOLUTE TERROR!

CLIP OR COPY

O'QUINN STUDIOS, INC.
475 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, NY 10016

SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER!

GOREZONE Subscription

Please send me GOREZONE for one year (that's six issues!) I have enclosed $15.99 (FOREIGN: $20.99).

NAME: ____________________

ADDRESS: ____________________

CITY: ____________________

STATE: __________ **ZIP:** __________

If you do not want to cut out coupon, we will accept written orders. Please allow 4 to 6

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

May 1988 GOREZONE #1

Editor
ANTHONY TIMPONE

Managing Editor
J. PETER ORR

Art Director
MAGGIE HOLLANDS

Associate Art Director
JIM McLERNON

Assistant Art Director
JEF ADIN

Fiction Editor
J. N. WILLIAMSON

Contributing Editors
DAVID McDONNELL
DAVID HUTCHISON
EDDIE BERGANZA
DANIEL DICKHOLTZ

Columnists
CHAS. BALUN
JOHN CAGLIONE
DOUG DREXLER
TIM LUCAS

Contributing Writers
DOUG BROD
PHILIP NUTMAN
MICHAEL WELDON

Art Staff
CALVIN LEE
CAROLINE AVERY
REMO POLETTI
HOWARD NISBETH

Additonal Art
BLANE ROBINSON
JOSEPH A. SENA

Publishers
NORMAN JACOBS
KERRY O'QUINN

Associate Publisher
RITA EISENSTEIN

Assistant Publisher
MILBURN SMITH

Circulation Director
ART SCHULKIN

Creative Director
W.R. MOHALLEY

Financial Director
JOAN BAETZ
Marketing Director
FRANK M. ROSNER

Production Assistants: Steve Jacobs, Anna Mockler, Maria Damiani, Peter Hernandez, Paul Cucinella, Natalie Pinnicks, Kim Miller, James Iannazzo.

For Advertising Information:
(212) 689-2830
Advertising Director: Rita Eisenstein
Classified Ads Manager: Connie Bartlett
West Coast Ad Sales: Reynolds & Associates,
Jim Reynolds (213) 649-6287
East Coast Ad Sales: Karaban/Labiner Associates, Inc
Marvin Labiner (212) 840-0660

WHAT'S INSIDE

4 **BLOOD FEST**
The editor speaks

5 **READER POLL**

7 **VIDEO WATCHDOG**
The great video movie music massacre

10 **HORRORSCOPE**
Digest previews of winter splatter flicks

14 **FICTION**
A tale of terror by J. N. Williamson

19 **PROFILE: ROBERT ENGLUND**
Freddy directs a movie

24 **REVIEW**
Michael Weldon on "Near Dark"

26 **ABOUT THE POSTERS**

27 **POSTER SECTION**
Chainsaw victim, RoboCop, Pluto & drifter vampire

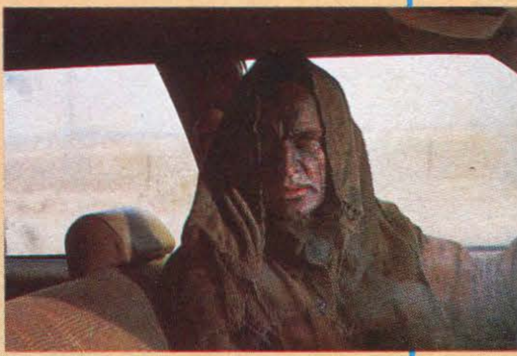
44 **CAGLIONE & DREXLER'S MAKEUP FX LAB**
An exclusive "How to" guide to FX

50 **PROFILE: GALE ANNE HURD**
The "ALIENS" queen has "Bad Dreams"

56 **REVIEW**
A critic's "Anguish"

58 **PIECE O' MIND**
Chas. Balun says what he wants

63 **CLASSIFIED MASSACRE**



24

50

56

GOREZONE is published six times a year, in Jan., Mar., May, July, Sept. & Nov. by O'Quinn Studios, Inc., 475 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. This is issue #1, Volume 1, (ISSN 0896-8802). Entire contents is copyright © 1988 by O'Quinn Studios, Inc. All rights reserved. Reprint or reproduction of any material in part or in whole without the publishers' written permission is strictly forbidden. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: $15.99 for one year (6 issues) delivered in the U.S. and Canada. Foreign subscriptions: $20.99 in U.S. funds only. **New subscriptions:** send directly to GOREZONE, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. GOREZONE accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, art, or other materials, but if free-lance submittals are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope, they will be seriously considered and, if necessary, returned. Printed in the U.S.A. GOREZONE is a trademark of O'Quinn Studios, Inc.

BLOOD FEST

OFFICIAL Editorial Page

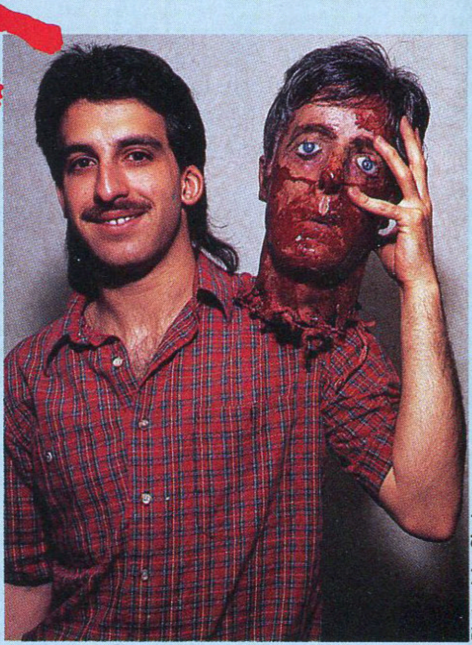


Photo: John Clayton

An editor with a head on his shoulders.

When my publishers first asked me to create a new bimonthly splatter magazine named GOREZONE, my reactions were the same as those of FANGORIA readers, who first found out about this in Fango last month: Why??? Who needs another one?

"Because horror's hot right now," Assistant Publisher Milburn Smith replied, "and we want to create our own competition before the cheapo publishers try to cash in on the boom."

"Nah, even better," Publisher Norman Jacobs chimed in, "I like the sound of 'Timpone's GOREZONE.' Real Italian sounding. I'm doin' this new book for you, Tony."

That sure didn't help. I still dreaded the idea, recalling that *Famous Monsters of Filmland* (1958-1983) made the same commercial move at their height by introducing *Monster World* in 1964. It lasted 10 issues . . .

Monster World failed because it was a clone of *FM*; the two were interchangeable. My challenge: to make GOREZONE different from Fango, while at the same time covering the same genre. The more I thought about it, the more exciting the prospect of this premiere publication became. It's not every day that someone comes up and asks me to start a magazine from scratch.

So I (along with Managing Editor J. Peter Orr) took the GOREZONE plunge. We set out to create a unique splatter mag, and, in all modesty, we think we've succeeded. Just look at the contents of GOREZONE #1. The most noticeable difference from FANGORIA is the inclusion of fiction. Each issue of GOREZONE will carry a short story selected by none other than popular writer & anthologist J. N. Williamson, who'll serve as our Fiction Editor. Jerry has already selected *two* years' worth of GOREZONE fiction, with an emphasis on newer, emerging talents.

Study those contents some more and you'll find in-depth reviews of recent genre releases. To get this regular GOREZONE department off the ground, we've brought in *Psychotronic Encyclopedia* author Michael Weldon; *Video Review* Assistant Managing Editor Doug Brod eyeballs *Anguish* as well.

At Fango, we had unsuccessfully tried to launch a makeup FX column for some time. With all the FX coverage in there already, we couldn't find room for any "How to" professional advice. Enter those acclaimed *My Demon Lover* and *Poltergeist III* makeup FX pros John Caglione & Doug Drexler, who'll supply GOREZONE with their entertaining and witty FX insider info each issue.

And how could we forget gore expert Chas. Balun, recent subject of an *L.A. Times* profile and *20/20* interview? Chas.' entirely original Piece O' Mind column offers this eccentric personality about 1,500 words to let loose in each issue. Just look at those entrails! Plus, there's Tim Lucas' Video Watchdog report, a column dedicated to exposing cassette mutilators. Welcome aboard, guys.

As you can see, with a lineup like this, there's plenty of room—I hope—for another splatter magazine on the newsstands. In addition, with our four posters and colorful approach, GOREZONE presents a more visual and visceral package to complement FANGORIA without duplicating it. Yes, both magazines will deal with the same people and movies (i.e. Bob Englund and Gale Hurd), but Fango will rely on exclusive set visits, while GOREZONE zeroes in more closely on the personalities of specific movers and shakers in the splatter arena.

Of course, we can't do this without *you*. Your support and feedback is desperately needed. Please fill out the reader poll on page five.

Gee, this doesn't sound like such a bad idea after all.

—*Anthony Timpone*
Editor

GOREZONE

READER POLL

Friends of GOREZONE:

There's a lot that we don't know about you! This, the first GOREZONE reader poll, is meant to find out about you, your likes and dislikes and your ideas for an even better GOREZONE. This is your chance to attend a GOREZONE editorial meeting. Every Reader Poll response will be read and your ideas will be discussed by our staff. If you don't want to clip this issue, a photocopy, typed or handwritten version of this questionnaire will be acceptable. Thanks!

1. Which is your favorite feature in this issue of GOREZONE? ______
2. Your least favorite? ______
3. How did you find out about GOREZONE? ______
4. Name three favorite features from this issue: ______

______

______

5. Name three features you liked least: ______

______

______

Complete the following:
6. GOREZONE needs more ______
7. GOREZONE needs less ______
8. Which are the filmmakers, stars, films, posters and TV shows you'd most like to see covered in GOREZONE? ______

______

______

9. How frequently do you read the following (rate 1 to 4: 1—every issue, 2—occasionally, 3—hardly ever, 4—never)

____ FANGORIA
____ STARLOG
____ *Twilight Zone*
____ *Cinefex*
____ *Heavy Metal*
____ *Prevue*
____ *Premiere*
____ COMICS SCENE
____ *American Film*
____ *Cinefantastique*
____ *Filmfax*
____ *Spin*
____ *Film Comment*
____ *Rolling Stone*
____ Others: ______

10. What question would you most like to ask the editors of GOREZONE? ______

______

11. Will you buy any merchandise through GOREZONE? ______ Yes ______ No
12. How old are you? ______
13. How many other people will read your copies of GOREZONE? ______
14. What will you do with this issue of GOREZONE after you have finished reading it?
______ Collect it? ______ Throw it away?
15. You are (check one): ______ Male ______ Female

That's it for our first poll; we'll discuss the results in these pages in the near future. Send your response to:

GOREZONE READER POLL #1
475 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016

SPECIAL BONUS: PAPERBACK GIVEAWAY!

To thank those who participate in this first momentous reader poll, we'll be giving away 25 FREE horror movie novelizations and novels (including *The Thing*, *Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Friday the 13th* and the Tor terror line).

The drawing will be made from the first 300 responses received, so send us your poll response TODAY!

If you wish to be included in the Paperback Giveaway, complete the following:

______
Name: ______
Address: ______
City, State, Zip: ______

We're Rolling Out the Blood Red Carpet for You...

APRIL 9 and 10 in LOS ANGELES

AT THE HYATT HOTEL LAX, 6225 WEST CENTURY BLVD. 11AM-7PM DAILY

FANGORIA'S

Weekend OF HORRORS

IN PERSON GUEST STARS

Tentatively Scheduled:

ROBERT ENGLUND

CHRISTOPHER LEE

DICK MILLER

TOM SAVINI

JOHN BUECHLER

TOBE HOOPER

**Giant Dealers Room*
**Previews of Horror Films*
** Gore Make-up Demos*
**FANGO's Fright Flick Fest*
**Gala Costume Competition*
** Shocking Surprises*

ADVANCE TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FOR $15.50 DAILY OR $30 FOR THE WEEKEND. SEND FEES TO CREATION CONVENTIONS, 145 JERICHO TURNPIKE, MINEOLA, NEW YORK 11501. YOUR TICKETS WILL BE MAILED BACK TO YOU. ADVANCE TICKETS ARE ALSO ON SALE NOW AT TICKETRON OUTLETS. SPECIAL LOWER THAN NORMAL ROOM RATES ARE AVAILABLE AT THE HYATT LAX FOR THOSE THAT CARE TO STAY OVERNIGHT. TO GET THESE RATES PLEASE CALL US DURING BUSINESS HOUSE EASTERN STANDARD TIME AT 1-516-SHOWMAN. DEALER TABLES ARE AVAILABLE. PLEASE CALL. TICKETS WILL BE SOLD AT THE DOOR FOR $18.00 DAILY. ALL GUESTS/EVENTS ARE TENTATIVE.

Video WATCHDOG

AIP Outrage!

By TIM LUCAS

Horror is treated worse on home video than any other film genre, and this seems increasingly to be the case in all countries. The problem is particularly acute with foreign films, leaving consumers in the dark as to what they're renting until the tape is popped inside a VCR. Horror films are torn apart, censored, retitled, given meaningless Anglicized credits, released on multiple labels (with wildly varying quality); they seldom make it to the sanctuary of laserdisc. The industry has maintained this level of ineptitude because there's been no one to police its actions . . . until *now*.

As The Video Watchdog, I'll scour the video scene for cheats, edits, retitled films, misleading titles, incorrect running times and crummy transfers. By the same token, I look forward to discovering restored prints, important foreign imports and diamonds in the rough. We can even get into the listing of continuity errors, just for the hell of it.

Unfortunately, this maiden column has room for only one item, 'cause it's a juicy one.

If you've rented or purchased the recent video release of the 1968 Michael Reeves classic, *The Conqueror Worm* (HBO, $79.95), you may have watched a minute or two of witchfinder Matthew Hopkins' exploits, assumed the tape was defective and taken it back for a quick refund. The truth is this: When Orion Pictures assumed the rights to the AIP catalog in 1983, they hired composer Kendall (*Neon Maniacs*) Schmidt to rescore certain films. *The Conqueror Worm* is just one of 10 different AIP releases which have had their original soundtracks wiped to accommodate synthesizer scores.

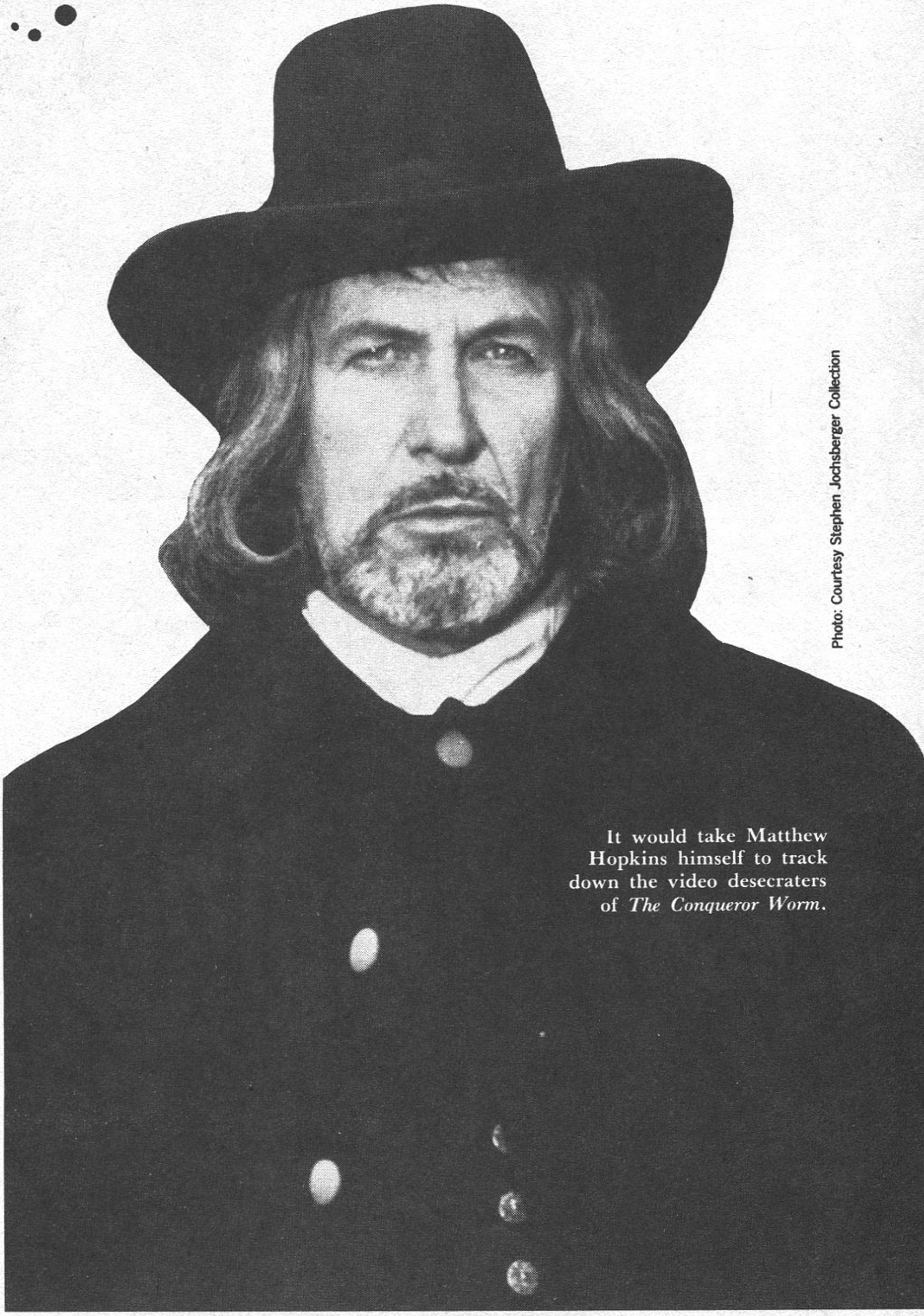


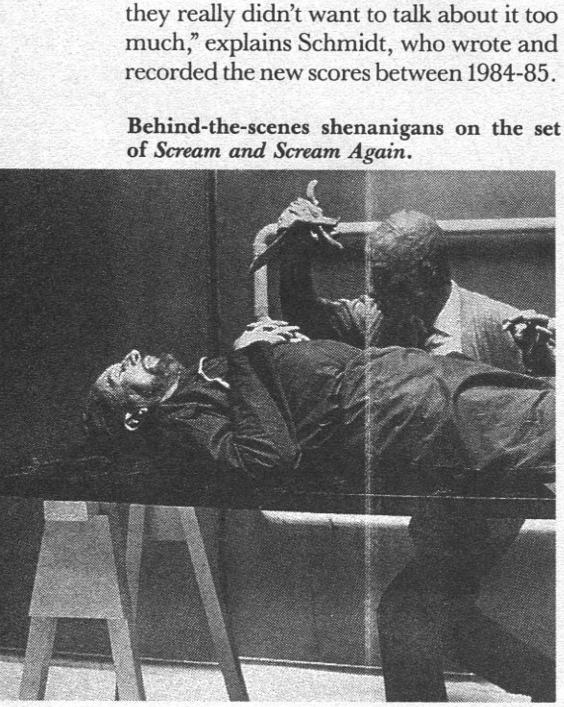
Photo: Courtesy Stephen Jochsberger Collection

It would take Matthew Hopkins himself to track down the video desecraters of *The Conqueror Worm*.

"Egad! Someone's stolen our soundtrack!"

This fact was first brought to my attention by Bill Kelley, currently writing a Reeves biography, who caught *Worm* on Fort Lauderdale television months ago and hasn't lifted his jaw since. "[Orion] had some legal reasons for doing it, but they really didn't want to talk about it too much," explains Schmidt, who wrote and recorded the new scores between 1984-85.

Behind-the-scenes shenanigans on the set of *Scream and Scream Again*.



Three additional horror films were rescored, namely *Scream and Scream Again, The Crimson Cult* and Mario Bava's *Planet of the Vampires* (Thorn/EMI). Schmidt also wrote a new end title theme for *Madhouse*, starring Vincent Price, which allowed Orion to eliminate a recording by crooner Gordon Clyde. Also gone forever is Otto Brandenburg's soulful ballad, "Journey to the 7th Planet," from the film of the same title. Could "Tivoli Nights" from *Reptilicus* be next?

The other, non-horror titles are *Slaughter's Big Rip-Off* (you can kiss James Brown's funky score goodbye!), *Unholy Rollers, Crime and Passion* (originally scored by Vangelis), *Scorchy, Winterhawk* and *War, Italian Style*.

Neither Sam Arkoff nor an Orion spokesperson could be reached for explanations, but here's my theory: *Worm* and *Cult* were Tigon productions, *Scream* and *Madhouse* came from Amicus, and *Planet* was an Italian outing. It would seem that in acquiring the rights to any independent productions distributed by AIP in the States, Orion did *not* also acquire the rights to distribute their *scores* on tape—at least, not without further compensation to their composers.

How does Schmidt feel about tampering with the material? "There were some movies that gave me more stress than others, because there were some I just didn't want to screw with," Schmidt admits. "When I was faced with the task of rescoring *The Curse of the Crimson Altar*, I was somewhat intimidated. I mean, I still can't stand to watch what I did with it."

Asked how he had come to refer to *The Crimson Cult* by its British title, Schmidt reveals that his sessions often made use of foreign prints. "It was confusing," he recalls. "In a couple of cases, I would score from one print and we'd check the dub and see a different print! In *Winterhawk*, there were entire scenes I hadn't seen while I was writing."

This explains why HBO's *Conqueror Worm* cassettes feature several never-before-seen shots of topless tavern girls carousing with Sterne (Robert Russell). Schmidt scored the film using a faded AIP print but, for maximum quality of image, Orion matched his soundtrack to a fresh 35mm video transfer from the European negative. The footage is interesting, but the spoken soundtrack from the U.S. print doesn't match it correctly.

In all fairness to Schmidt, I believe his *Planet of the Vampires* score actually complements Bava's visuals more effectively than the original score, further enhancing the illusion of an "A" budget where there was no budget at all. His work on *Scream and Scream Again* approximates the original score fairly well. "Some guy wrote to Orion about *Scream*, complaining that I got credit for writing a score that he *knew* someone else had done—which shows how close I came to the original sound," Schmidt laughs. Still, it also includes some admitted technical boners, as in the film's discotheque scenes, when The Amen Corner's vocalist is shown singing his fool heart out during an instrumental.

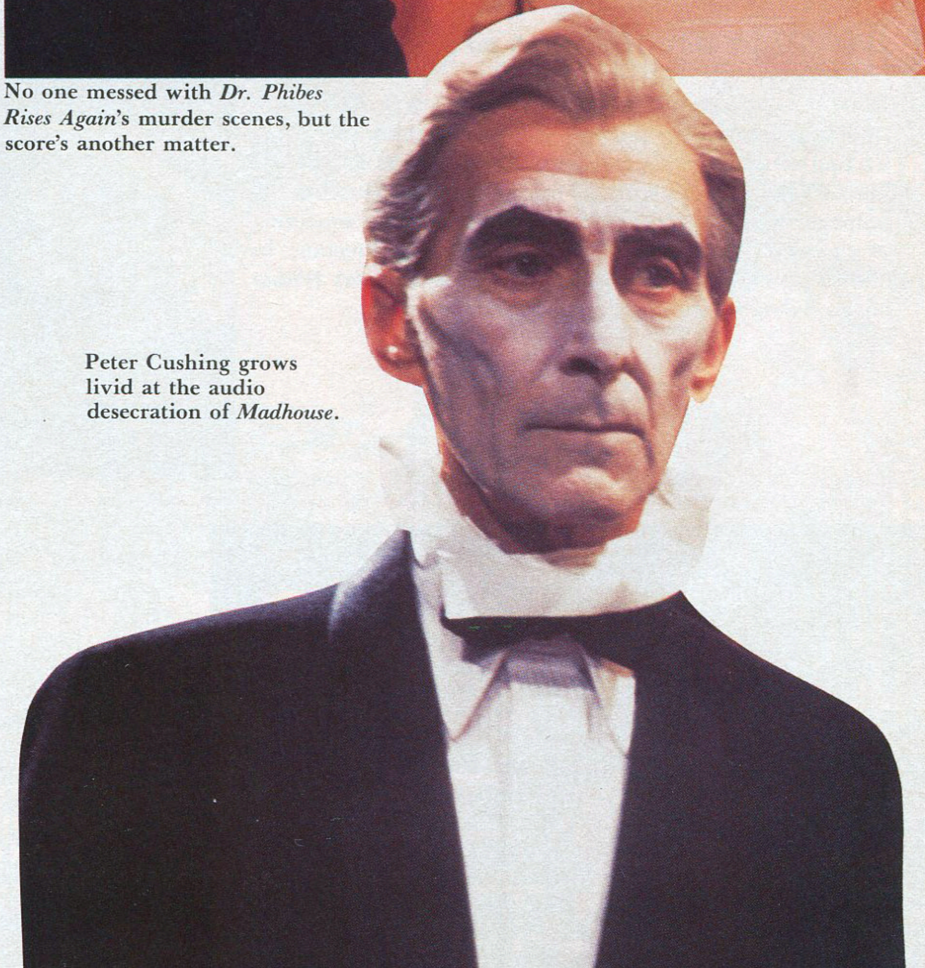
But *The Conqueror Worm*? "I pretty much like what I did with the film," Schmidt assesses. "I took an acoustic approach, used mostly strings, did a contrapuntal kind of score. I think it fits dramatically, but if you've seen the film 20,000 times the way it used to be . . ." Even so, by his own count, *Worm* was the last of the AIP films Schmidt scored, so exhaustion was probably setting in, and budget was certainly at low ebb.

Paul Ferris' stirring orchestral score has been replaced by artificial, synthesized strings which are powerless to evoke *Worm*'s 17th-century time frame. This fieriest of films now rolls along on a calming carpet of technological cool. And for all intents and purposes (namely, TV and home video), this *is* the film as it will be known for the rest of its days. As Schmidt surmises, "Orion would never have any reason to go back to the 35mm originals."

The Conqueror Worm should have been protected from such abuse for many reasons. It is widely considered one of the 10 best films of its type; furthermore, it is the one unarguable masterpiece of a pivotal director who did not live long enough to make others. Michael Reeves died of an accidental barbiturates overdose shortly following the film's release in 1968. He was 25. His reputation, his very memory, rests on this film, and it's likely that this new version, over which Reeves had no control, will cause his reputation to diminish and his memory to fade. His last words will never be heard—the way that he spoke them, the way that inspired a generation of *cineastes*—in his native country again. HBO Video can't be blamed for releasing the picture they were given in good faith, but it would take a Matthew Hopkins to adequately deal with the decision-makers at Orion.

In the meantime, the Paul Ferris score has been given a temporary home in some unlikely places—like a recent Miller Lite commercial starring Mickey Spillane.

No one messed with *Dr. Phibes Rises Again*'s murder scenes, but the score's another matter.



Peter Cushing grows livid at the audio desecration of *Madhouse*.

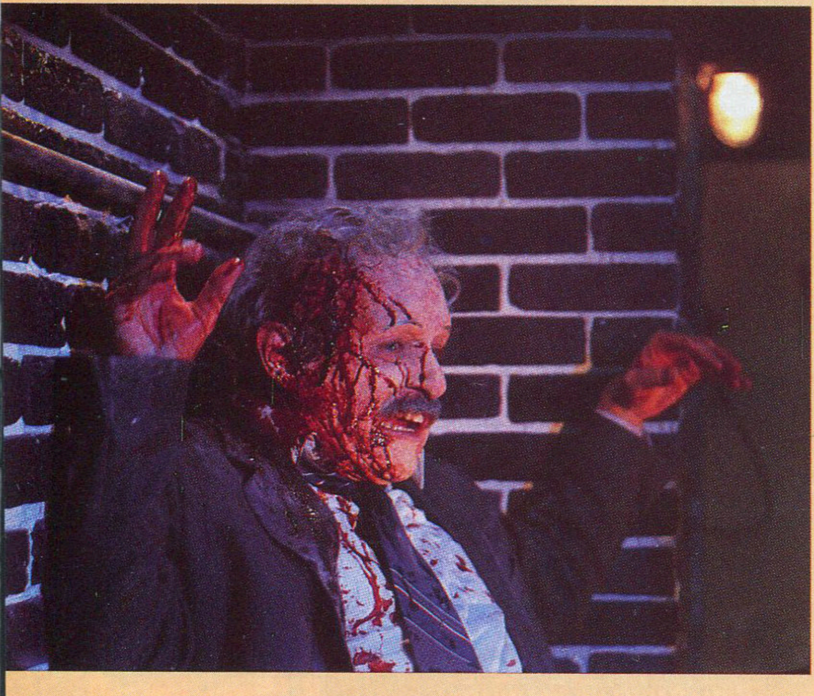
HORRORSCOPE

SPLATTER FORECAST

By J. PETER ORR

Widow Photo: Alice Taylor

DRACULA'S WIDOW doesn't do her own housekeeping.
What a mess these foreign dignitary types will make of their temporary stateside digs! You would think the woman could at least clear the table after a meal. DEG presents the adventures of a Hollywood Wax Museum manager who starts to fall in love with the main squeeze of a certain Transylvanian count. Aside from direction by Christopher (nephew of Francis) Coppola, *Dracula's Widow* boasts Sylvia (*Emmanuelle*) Kristel in the title role.

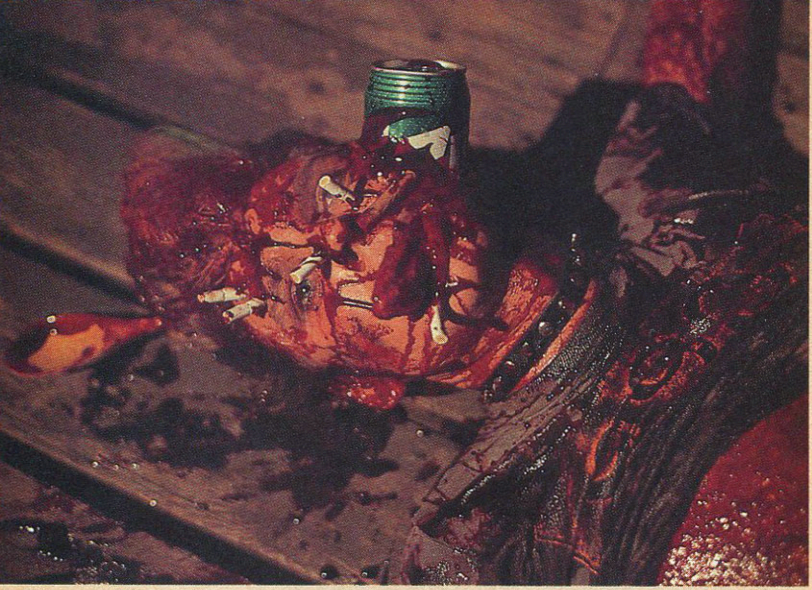


BRAIN DAMAGE makes the world go around, doesn't it?
This photo is an outtake from Frank (*Basket Case*) Henenlotter's *Brain Damage*, the heartwarming and timeless story of a lucky lad and his brain parasite. Henenlotter, the Woody Allen of horror cinema, had to trim this sense-stunning film so the dreaded MPAA rating board would give it an R. Individual sequences, like this one showing Theo Barnes becoming parasite chow, may suffer or even disappear. But don't worry, the film will still blow you away. (Cinema Group)

Heed *THE SEVENTH SIGN:* Here there be maggots.
Yup, that's what those little white flecks are, friends. Actually, gunshot victims are rarely this colorful in real life, but that's only because real life doesn't have FX by Kevin Yagher. Tri-Star's April release *The Seventh Sign* stars teen queen Demi Moore and *ALIENS* alumnus Michael Biehn as young newlyweds who rent out their garage apartment to a very "different" boarder, an especially unfortunate development for the couple's unborn baby.

Is *BLACK ROSES* another rock 'n' roll swindle?
Sure sounds like it: A nasty heavy metal band shows up in the sleepy town of Mill Basin, which sets off the local parents into a frenzy of protest. The final straw is that the parents are right, and this group actually does worship the devil or something. Upstate New York film impressario John Fasano gets points for casting legendary drummer Carmine Appice, but someone must tell him that any flick where the parents are right is *not* a rock 'n' roll movie. And what do the zombies in this photo have to do with it? (Shapiro Entertainment)

***SLAUGHTERHOUSE ROCK* teaches teens not to hang around abandoned prisons.**
Poor young Alex (Nicholas Celozzi) has some bad dreams about Alcatraz, so a counselor tells him and his friends to go there. Hope that shrink has her malpractice insurance paid up. Next thing you know, one of the gang gets possessed and—who would have guessed?—starts murdering the other kids. This offering from Taurus Entertainment has been in regional release this winter after snatching the coveted Silver Scroll Award for Best Horror Film of last July (!) from the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror.



Transvestite or no, *THE NEWLYDEADS* sure isn't *THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW*.
"This homicidal maniac makes Norman Bates look like Mister Rogers," according to no less an authority than *TV Guide*, although they forgot to mention that said cross-dressing slasher has in fact been deceased for 15 years. The outraged gender bender comes back to possess the motel owner who killed him in this direct-to-video release (City Lights, $64.95), sort of like *Glen or Glenda* meets *Friday the 13th*. Say, how much do you suppose the Seven-Up people paid to have their product appear in this shot?

How do we know that this killing from Roberta Findlay's *LURKERS* isn't real?
Because the killings in the notorious *Snuff*, the most famous picture associated with Findlay's name, weren't real, either. Crown International's *Lurkers* tells the tale of a young woman plagued by damned souls, dispatched with the assignment of bringing her to hell. These particular hellspawn aren't exactly monsters, the director says, more like messed-up regular folks. She also swears this is better than *The Oracle*, her 1986 bomb.

Heads up! Looks like someone's on a *KILLING SPREE*.
Gotta watch those jealous husbands. In *Killing Spree*, an envious hubby ensures his bride's loyalty by slaughtering all the handymen that visit their new home. Eventually, everyone turns into zombies. *Killing Spree* was written and directed for video by 21-year-old Florida auteur Tim Ritter, who freely admits to writing the ludicrous *Truth or Dare?*

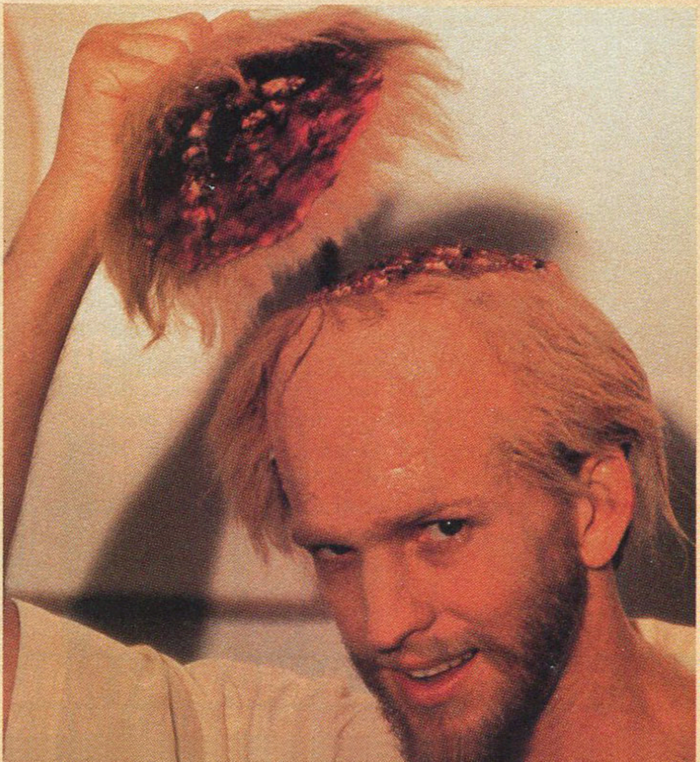


Photo: Twisted Illusions, Inc.

YOU CAN WIN $1,000.00!

Keep reading for details...

FantaCo Enterprises, Inc., internationally recognized as the leading horror mail order company, is celebrating our 10th anniversary of service. To commemorate this event we have published a huge 96-page limited edition **10th Anniversary Catalog** with a spectacular brand new cover by Chas. Balun!

Inside you'll find masks, make-up supplies, Freddy Krueger merchandise, hard-to-find horror magazines and books, novelties and a complete index to every issue of *Fangoria!* Many of the items are pictured and as a ***special bonus*** FantaCo will announce, in the catalog, news of an **incredible special event** coming in September as well as exclusive news of some exciting **new horror items** to be released in 1988! A true collector's item.

This thick, attractively designed horror catalog is just **$2.50 per copy** and that *includes* postage to *any* address in the world!

Order your catalog today and you'll automatically be entered in FantaCo's **$1,000.00 giveaway!!**

Winner will be selected in a random drawing from all coupons received between now and September 10, 1988. One entry per envelope. Winner will be contacted the week of September 12, 1988.

☐ **YES!** I want to enter to your contest to win $1,000.00 cash! I've filled in this coupon and enclosed $2.50 for each catalog.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City, State, Zip ______________________

Country ______________________

☐ No, I'm not interested in your catalog but please enter me in your contest.

Please send me ____ catalogs at $2.50 each.
Amount Enclosed $ ________
All payments must be in U.S. funds. Send entry to:

FantaCo Enterprises, Inc.
21 Central Avenue
Dept. GZ1
Albany, NY 12210-1391

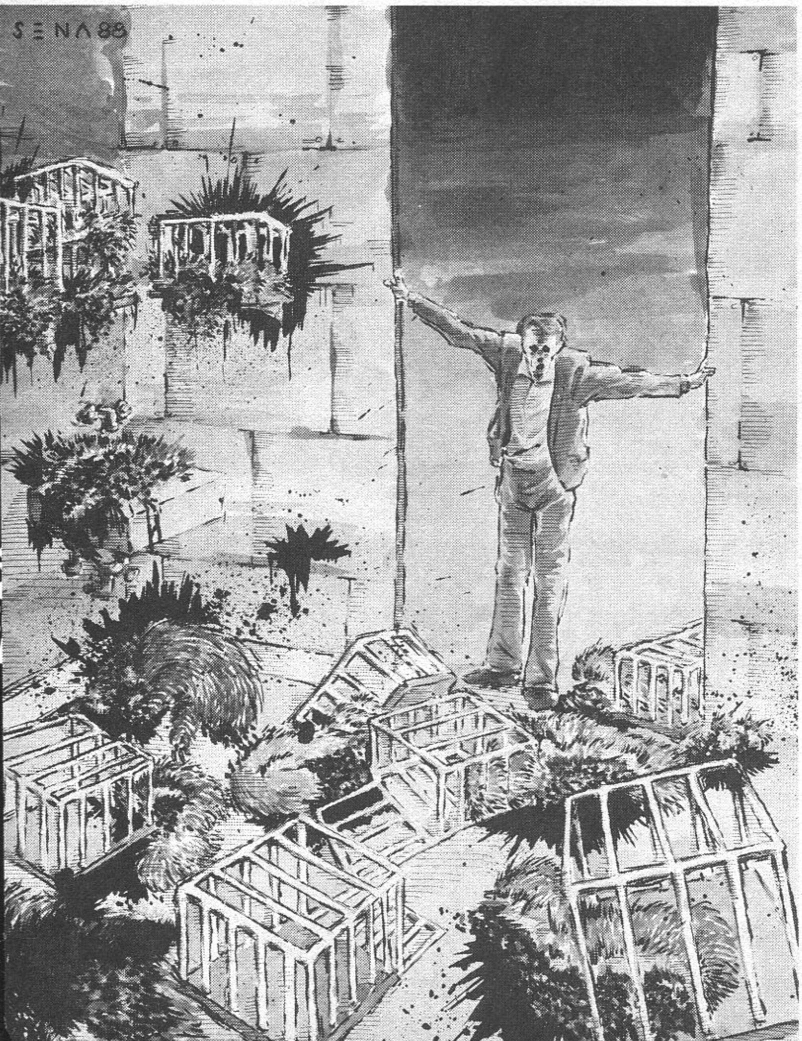
FICTION

AMORPHOUS

By J. N. WILLIAMSON

Hadn't wanted to go back to Indianapolis for Grandpa Jurdan's "funereal"—that's how Jurdans have always pronounced it, kin to the way they said "ellum" for "elm" and "zinc" for "sink" and "Golly!" for when they were mad, or glad—had *not* wanted to, not at all. Part of it was the plain notion of the whole spirit-sagging, ultimately pointless nonsense of the morbid adventure: flying 900 miles to visit somebody who couldn't acknowledge you, trying to be sentimental but not to bawl like a baby when you looked down on the rude being who wouldn't say "Hullo, kid" anymore.

Once, after I had gone over to Connecticut to write what I was too close to, back home, I'd thought of telling this story about the tasteless horror of the good ol' American "funereal" to express the concept that every man's own dying begins when he falls under the influence of another party's death. Corpses gave off some kind of invisible fumes, or an aura, and I'd have written about some unseen location of the inner soul giving up, thinking, "What's the use?"



Art: Joseph A. Sena

Especially when he remembers the guest of honor is his big, strapping Grandpa.

But slipping up on my murdered Grandpa Jurdan, peeking down a jot at a time, I felt maybe an iota better than I'd thought I might. I reckon that's queer to hear, but it was like one of those government things; inflation, maybe. Or counting up the people out of work and learning there weren't as many *new* ones as there'd been this time a year ago. Because seeing Grandpa still emptied me out, made me miserable. I just didn't feel quite as sad as I'd predicted I would.

I felt mad, instead. Because the hippy yippy rippy so-and-sos who'd busted into my granddaddy's great old house on the theory that, being a retired veterinarian, he'd have drugs lying around, had broken so many bones in that wonderful old face that I couldn't quite believe he *was* Grandpa Jurdan anymore. *Death as disguise*, said the writer in me, but I shook my head, No, that wasn't all there was to it. Not that he was bedecked with bruises or dripping blood. The undertaker man had cleaned the old boy up and dusted him down, real neat.

But now, he flat out didn't look like any Jurdan I'd ever laid eyes on. The combination of the addicts' work and the mortician's special effects had altered Grandpa so much he looked more, I thought, like one of those turquoise, puffy-faced Smurfs my littlest girl likes. With not quite so much blue, and much more telltale swelling.

So when the cops gabbed with me after the burial at Crown Hill and before I could slip out of ol' Indian-no-place and sever my roots for all time, I was of a mind to hear what they said.

Then I borrowed my baby sister Lynette's new car—she banged one up every May, pretending to qualify for the 500—and took a spin through the tumbling autumn leaves out to Grandpa Jurdan's house.

The police had kept the fact he died from that beating out of both the *News* and *Star*, figuring the creeps who'd hit on him might see the lights were on, believe he'd only sustained minor injuries and been released—then take another stab at stealing

Williamson on Williamson

Starting a magazine that contains real, written *stories* is considered by many to be as risky as producing a horror opus without monsters. So Tony Timpone and the other stout souls on the present masthead chose to get the best fiction editor a sum of money—as, for example, the bucks you plunked down for this mag is undeniably "a sum of money"—could buy.

There's an interview with Yours Unruly in Fango #53; my recent novels include *The Black School* (Dell), *Noonspell* and *Dead to the World* (Leisure), and *The Evil One* (Zebra), my short stuff has appeared in *Twilight Zone*, *Night Cry* and anthologies such as Graham Masterton's *Scare Care*, *14 Vicious Valentines* (Avon) and *Hot Blood* (Pocket), and I've edited *How to Write Tales of Horror, Fantasy and Science Fiction* (Writer's Digest Books) and *The Best of Masques* (Berkley).

Just how terrific am I? Dean (*Phantoms*) Koontz calls me "a nice enough guy but with really horrific overtones." Writer-publisher John Maclay labels me "difficult," *Twilight Zone* says I'm "best known" as an editor; Anthony Boucher once described an anthology of mine as "uneven," and Doug (*The Art of Darkness*) Winter judged in 1983 that my work sometimes "held pretentions beyond its merits." Steve King, asked for a comment on my first fiction anthology, tactfully replied, "The McCammon story was great." Stan Wiater, who reviews for Fango's Nightmare Library, diplomatically allows that I should be praised "for the number of writing careers" I have generated (not ruined yet?), Colin (*Space Vampires*) Wilson thinks me "staggering," and famed illustrator J.K. Potter said of me, "The man is genuinely dangerous."

And these people are my *friends*!

How I got this way bears on the sort of stories you'll find in the issues ahead, may explain something about the new yarn of mine initiating this foray into fright fiction, and may even provide you with something to hand your family or teachers (or keepers) the next time they beg you to explain why you read crap or see movie dreck like this:

What J.N. Williamson Remembers Most from His Boyhood:

Oatmeal. Runny softboiled eggs with crumpled Ritz crackers. "Real" orange juice (with stuff like skin clinging to the inside of the glass). "No, you *can't* go there—don't you know there are things that can *get you?*" (Get me what? I like surprises!) "Put those galoshes on this instant! You'll catch your death of cold!" (Was that with or *without* them?) *The Shadow. Inner Sanctum. The Lone Ranger. Suspense.*

No brother, no sister (until I was 14). No acquaintances, no friends under 40 (until I was 14). Not being allowed to see my grandparents on my father's side because "she" believed in astrology and "he" was a "bad influence."

Photo: Iris Wiater

Piano music, beautifully, eerily played (at 2:00 a.m.). An uncle who lived with us a lot and a grandfather (not the "bad influence") who were drunks (and dredged up the past with every wheeze, called my father names). The OZ books. The Tarzan books. *Superman. Captain Marvel. Captain America.* Philip Wylie's "Momism" in *Generation of Vipers*. John Collier. Poe. Lord Dunsany. Lovecraft.

Sitting with old ladies in Doctor Little's office every month for 100 years because I'd been sick once. Grandpa, dying suddenly ("Someone pushed my daddy down the stairs, I just know somebody *murdered* him!"). The drunks got closer to home. One night, one got into my bedroom and while I had to watch, tore my whole comics collection to pieces (at 3:00 a.m.). "Cousin Ned and Aunt Ellen were in the *house* last night! They knocked the silverware off the table to let me know they were there!" (Ned and Ellen had been dead for years; I went to his funeral.)

Starting to write. Writing more. Selling short stuff, some. Marrying; raising a family. Finally writing a novel, writing a *lot* more, doing novels 30 more times (parts of all of them at 2:00, 3:00, 4:00 a.m.).

The tale ahead and many coming up in GOREZONE may well prove to be uneven, difficult or great. They may hold pretensions beyond their merit, seem staggering, and certainly could launch a few careers. I doubt if any will be genuinely dangerous because, according to my experience, that's what you get Out There.

But I have a hunch you will relate to some of what you'll read here—and I think you'll find GOREZONE's fiction "nice enough . . . but with really horrific overtones."

—*J. N. Williamson*

drugs, once the prowl cars were out of sight and it fell still again on North Meridian Street.

Now, I'm not experienced at being brave. When the idea of their "taking another stab" occurred, I proposed to Lieutenant Quaid that they surely "won't be fool enough to come back." I saw the hole in my self-defending reasoning even before Quaid replied, "You'd be right if you was talkin' about common burglars, Jurdan. But these punks are so dangerous 'cause they cain't think no more. Filthy creatures of habit. It's their style to stay at a thing 'til they get it down pat."

I entered the house from the garage and nearly fell flat on my face before I got the lights on. It wasn't signs of a struggle that made me trip; Grandpa'd been too old for much of a fight. It was the search done by the addicts, and the follow-up—looking for clues, I reckoned—done by Quaid's men. Neither bunch had been particularly tidy by nature, it looked.

I neated-up, righting furniture and retrieving ashtrays and lamps. The butts—people'd been wrong, thinking Grandpa'd die from lung cancer—would have to wait. Moving through the kitchen into a nice den where the old boy and my little grandma had loved to entertain, I felt I was swimming through memories: playing canasta and watching Grandma throw hand after hand to him here in this well-lit den, which looked out on a huge backyard Grandpa'd illuminated with lights—*lights shot or kicked out now, leaving the lawn behind the French doors looking like a bottomless, oily pit*; and Grandma on her deathbed, just days before I left for the East where I'd fancied my talent belonged, the old lady still trying to cheat for Grandpa, gasping she'd "Be up in a minute or two to fix your supper, dear." I do think she went up. *Over by the far wall, the smashed cabinet Grandma had treasured stood in splinters; they'd moved it and put the tree there for family Christmas parties; I remembered Grandpa, taller than Santa Claus, pretending he had no gift for me—then producing a puppy someone had left dying in a box inside his office door, my close pal until a week to the day before my grandmother threw her last hand of canasta to Grandpa.*

"Golly," I said aloud, "the place is a for-sure wreck." My hating began in earnest. Nobody'd ever thought to do worse than hug my granddaddy, not when the world had a few things it drew the line at. Instead of leaving the front curtains drawn, as I'd been instructed by Lieutenant Quaid, I threw 'em wide, then marched limpingly back and forth several times over the next three days. With the limp, with my shoulders hunched, I looked—at shy of 40 years—more like Grandpa than I'd previously cared to admit. That night, I put on some of his old 45-speed recordings—even found several 78s, which I played full-tilt—and tried to remember all the routine things Grandpa had done, those scarcely-discernible things that define a man as much as anything can.

Nothing much happened the rest of that day, or the next.

Nothing except, early next evening, I found the source of a strong, pungent odor that had bothered me considerably during the night. I found it in Grandpa's basement, on the other side of a door with the lock broken. Merely entering that partitioned place, I knew I'd located the stink.

Some of the dozens of cages there were kicked in, literally crushed from the top of the cage *down*, as in stomping. Some of the smaller creatures had been smashed flat.

With other cages—they were all sizes—the bars had been pried out with the aid of one or another of Grandpa's tools. Then the addicts who'd beaten him to death had either let the animals go—for fear of touching certain ones, I suspected—or had reached inside and simply *squeezed*. I was no vet, but I had the notion that most of those animals hadn't died immediately after being crushed or stepped on. Wings and tiny, furry legs were obviously broken; they'd starved to death, incapable of moving. Or died from shock.

A sizeable number of creatures had had their throats cut instead.

Grandpa Jurdan had never given up being an animal healer, I realized. Not entirely. Instead of tags on cages indicating he might have housed experimental rodents and the like, the names he'd scrawled and clipped neatly to the battered cages clearly suggested other things, names such as BRANDY, LASSIE, KITTY, BUGS, TWEETIE-PIE, FROSTY, ROBIN, BOOTS, NIGEL, FIFI. . .

I looked off into the distance. Doing so, I wondered if Grandpa *hadn't* owned lab animals, where the occupants of the larger number of empty cages had fled? My glance froze in the dark corner of the room where he'd installed tublike basins; quite a few. And from where I stood, the basins didn't look bright and shiny the way my granddaddy would have kept them. They looked . . . stained; dingy. *Filled*, too, as if a great, amorphous mess had clogged them up.

After I went over to see, I knew where the missing pets were.

The boys who'd slaughtered my grandpa had dumped the middle-sized animals—kittens, I guessed, puppies and birds, maybe a bunny or two—into the basin wells; poured gasoline over them; struck a match. Up close, the basement wall behind the basins was scorched badly.

I nearly tossed my cookies and, by the time I was back upstairs, I came still closer to leaving. I was scared and not afraid to admit it.

Sure, Quaid had told me he'd have men waiting out front and in back, that I would be the healthiest bait that ever waited to be swallowed. "Punks," I think he called them, and I had agreed. But I'd forgotten something I learned about war from an amateur study of military history: the nation that generally lost was the one that *sneered at* its enemy, saw him as ridiculous—a fit subject for jokes.

I did not feel much like laughing when I undressed later that night, then went up to the bedroom on the third floor. But again I imitated Grandpa, bent my shoulders and limped like crazy, even took out the garbage wearing his funny old calf-length robe. I'd *hoped* they would come back for him; I was *ready* for them . . .

While I was still on my feet.

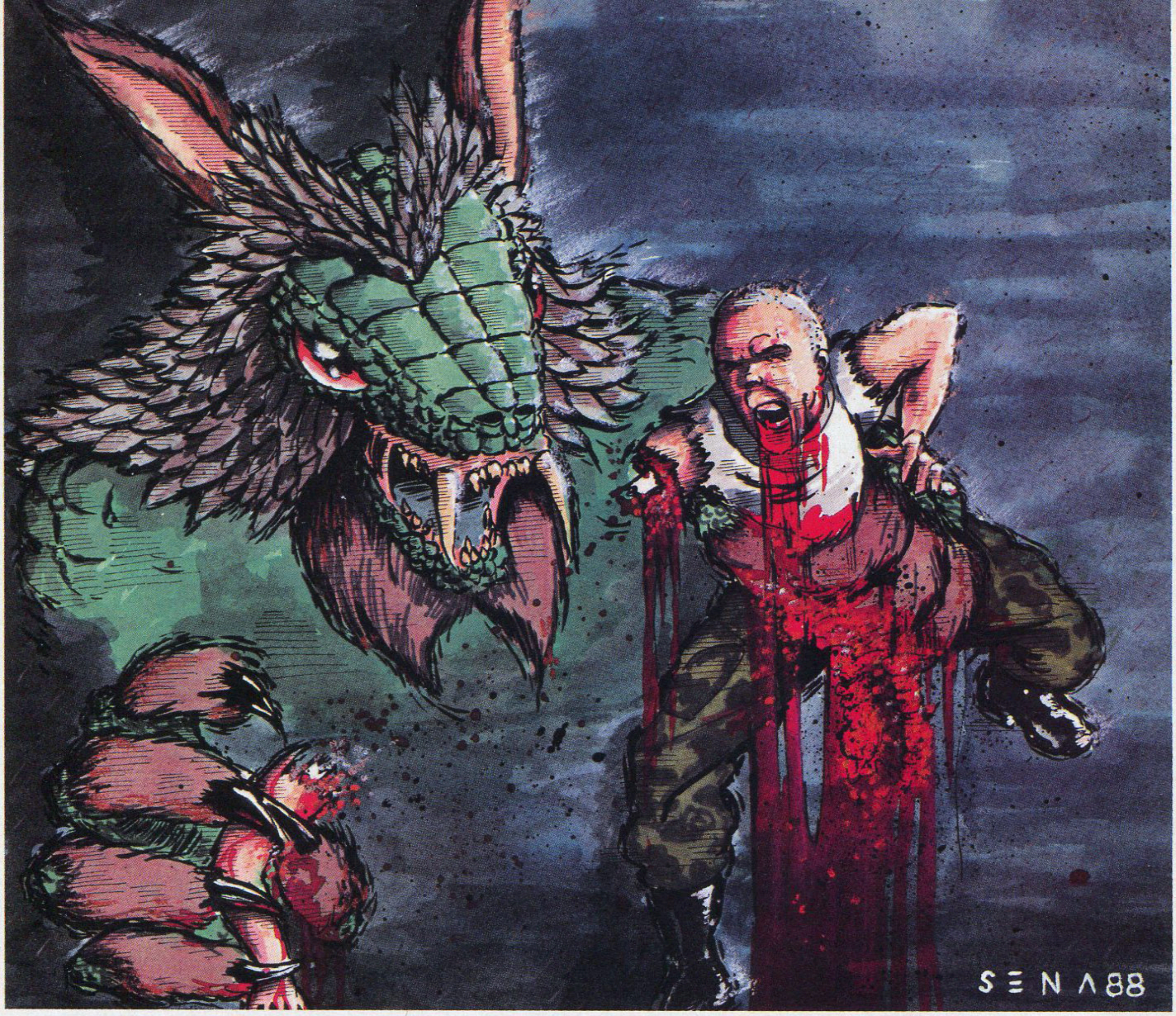
What is there about lying alone in a room that is not your own—and more like an attic—in a house with nothing else alive in it *but plenty of dead things in the basement, wordworker; don't forget them*—after it's pitch-dark? Well, I can't explain, but I lay there thinking of how we walk around our metropolis with a primeval face hidden behind our carefully-arranged outer mugs, squinting in surprise at the perfectly astounding things we can never hope to understand. Of all times of terror in our lives we may fear most those remembered, ancient nights when—chased squealing to rock ledge—we doubted that ordinary fire could contrive to hold off the far worse frights of midnight.

I slept. Not because I dropped off, but because I was trying to do it, and because being scared had always made me sleepy. I was, I feel certain, one of those cavemen who got himself clawed and dragged, half-awake, into the evil night.

It happened.

I did not hear them enter the house, or climb the stairs, or turn the knob cautiously on my bedroom door, or stealthily cross the floor to where—an idiot—I lay in stupid sleep. Nor did I hear anything until I was yanked from bed and held erect and barefoot by powerful hands, and listened to the sound of my face being backhanded, hard.

What I had been dreaming is germane: as if oozing-up from my grandparents' bed, permeating my pores and sifting into my unconscious mind, images of their final days together had assumed form. Soothingly. I'd seen the way my grandmother suggested her husband "care for a few of your little patients again, from time-to-time," and I'd known that she knew she was dying and, to my sleeping surprise, that Grandpa had *also* known it! I'd watched him begin bringing home partly-



Art: Joseph A. Sena

crippled pups, cats whose hindquarters had caught the bumper of a passing vehicle. I had seen neighbors come to Grandpa's front door, tenderly bearing tiny birds that had fallen from their nests and, as word spread, the masters of his former patients bringing strays of all kinds. The majority were canine or feline but on occasion there was a little kid's hamster off its feed, a squirrel or raccoon found sprawled on the edge of wooded safety.

So I thought, as these great, pin-eyed, spastic and stammering, incalculably rough teenagers began slapping me, finally kneeing me until only their own drug-locked paws kept me erect, *Surely Grandpa won't let this happen! Wherever he is, he'll stop it!*

"Hey, dude! This yo-yo ain't the old doc!" The voice came from one of the two who had been cuffing me. No one had turned on a light and I could not see their faces well, not even count them. There must have been three, because I faced two youths my height and somebody else stood at my back, pinning my elbows back like angel wings. "Wh-wh-what's shaking, you m-mother?"

The second one who hit people pinched my cheeks, his nail breaking the skin, and his breath against my face was sweet as a lover's. "He's *family!* It's a setup, right? *Right?*" He dug his fist into my belly and while it traveled only inches, it was as if my insides had been scalded. I realized neither of my grandparents could help; that was just a writer's imagination working. This was genuine. "*Answer* me, man!"

I wanted to, but the other was strangling me. I thought, inanely, that I'd never seen anyone so unreasonable. *Where* was Quaid; where were his *men*? For the first time, I sought to struggle, to fight back. . .

Then I gaped at flame. It surged before my eyes like some red-eyed corpse raging from its coffin! One of them—another; a fourth or fifth?—had made a *torch* of Grandma's curtain sash. He was waving it carelessly, close to my eyes. When the others began giggling appreciatively, I knew I'd have no choice but to close my eyes, and knew it would stop neither pain nor blindness. Desperate, I twisted my head.

(continued on page 64)

NEW HORROR VIDEO GUIDE!

FANGORIA PRESENTS BEST & BLOODIEST

HORROR VIDEO™

#1

100s OF MOVIES!

*MANIACS *ZOMBIES
*ALIENS *MONSTERS
*MADMEN *SLASHERS

SPLATTER SPOTLIGHT

*KING *ROMERO
*SAVINI *JASON
*LEATHERFACE
. . . AND YOUR OLD FRIEND FREDDY

PLOTS & REVIEWS
ADDRESS DIRECTORY

DON'T RENT BLIND

Before you plunk down your hard-earned cash for another splatter video, preview your purchase or rental by looking it up in HORROR VIDEO

Dozens of gruesome color photos!

HERE IT IS! YOUR GUIDE TO THE SCARIEST HORROR FILMS OF ALL TIME!

Plots, reviews!
Hundreds of movies!
The best and the bloodiest!

Plus: Address Directory—
How to get hard-to-find tapes!

CLIP OR COPY

O'QUINN STUDIOS, INC.
475 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, NY 10016

SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER!

____ ***HORROR VIDEO — $4.95***

Please indicate number of magazines being ordered and add $2.05 for each magazine to cover the cost of postage and handling.

Total Enclosed: __________

NAME: ____________________

STREET: ____________________

CITY: ____________________

STATE: __________ ***ZIP:*** __________

IF YOU DO NOT WANT TO CUT OUT COUPON, WE WILL ACCEPT WRITTEN ORDERS.
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

PROFILE

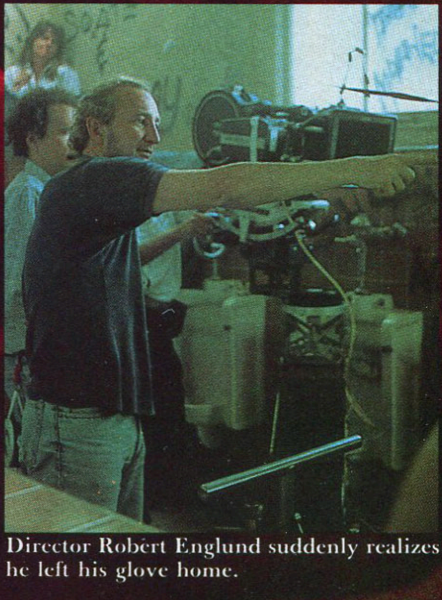
Freddy Gets the Chair!*

*The director's chair, that is.

"I hate to put down the 'Friday the 13th' films. It's too easy, it's unfair."

By CHAS. BALUN

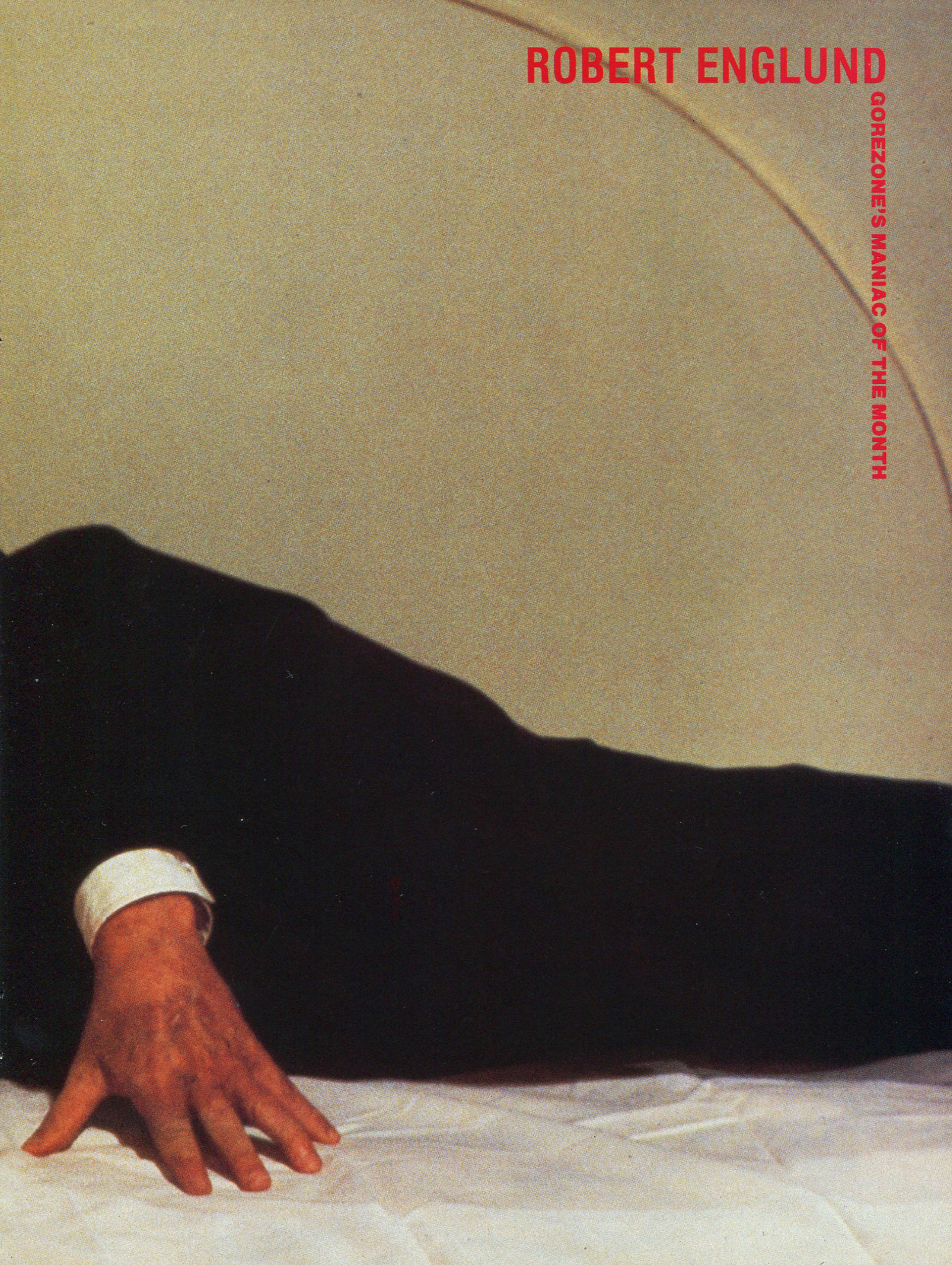
On the set of *976-EVIL*, first-time director Robert Englund eases into a chair, takes a sip of coffee, and begins an animated discourse on such far-ranging subjects as James Joyce, Wes Craven, James Dean, Brian De Palma, British art films, *The Twilight Zone*, Jason Voorhees, and the contemporary abuses of religion. Whew! There's more too: Jim and Tammy Bakker, American realist painting in the '30s, favorite horror films, Peter Pan and Grand Guignol. Let's see, leave anything out? Oh yes. This guy has something to do with elevating the cinematic portrayal of demented razor-gloved, child-killing maniacs to high art. Witness Freddy Krueger—sick, witty, irrepressible, hellishly clever, fiendishly foul-mouthed, and without doubt the most colorful, celebrated and adored mass murderer in film history.



Director Robert Englund suddenly realizes he left his glove home.

ROBERT ENGLUND

GOREZONE'S MANIAC OF THE MONTH



976 Photos: Copyright 1988 CineTel

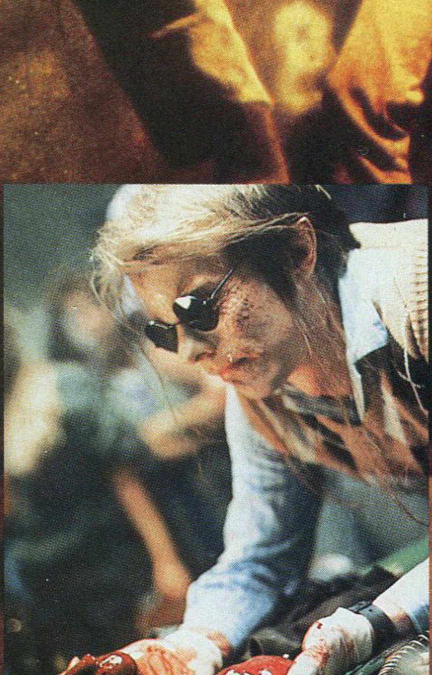
Now, wait a minute, we thought Robert Englund said this was *nothing* like a Freddy movie!

Robert Englund proves to be a very knowledgeable connoisseur of film and literature; a charming, articulate storyteller; a well-versed, seasoned actor; and an enthusiastic, maybe even inspired, director of feature films. "People have been telling me for years that I should be a writer or a director," Englund says. "I directed early on stage, directed Shakespeare, and have been in dozens of feature films, TV movies and TV series. When I sit down and talk 'real' with journalists, I think they like it that I'm *not* Freddy. I've played Southerners, rednecks, best friends, schtick comedy. When you're acting, unless you're on stage, they can always cut away from you, but when I'm directing, I'm the one who's controlling the cut." Englund is quick to point out, though, "There are grand compromises made day-to-day, but there are also times when I *do* get my way for hours, for days at a time. I'm filling my frame instead of being the person who fills somebody else's frame."

976-EVIL, a Cinetel release of a Horrorscope, Inc. picture, is due for a spring theatrical debut at about the time Englund will be back at work, knee deep in razors and revenge, as *Nightmare on Elm Street 4* gets under way in time for its fall run. Right now, Englund is hyperenthusiastic about the job at hand, that of directing *976-EVIL* to the best of his ability. He explains, "This whole story is scary, creepy. I'm trying to permeate the story with evil, a flirtation with evil. Remember a couple of years ago how the punks were all wearing Nazi symbols and didn't know what they meant? Ever notice now, all these girls wearing *Day of the Dead* skulls and crucifixes hanging from their earrings? You'll see it all the time in the movie. These victims, maybe they just flirted with sacrilege and the abuse of religion, accidental or otherwise."

976-EVIL deals with a shy, introverted boy (Stephen Geoffreys of *Fright Night*) who's been sheltered and harangued by his mother to the

(continued on page 64)



Makeup Photos: Courtesy Kevin Yagher

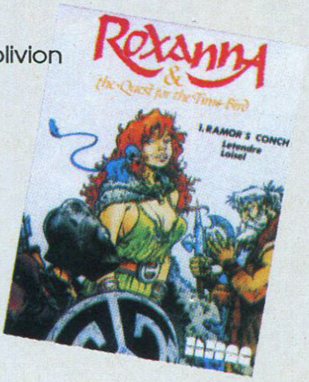
Sure, Engund likes gore FX, but he doesn't want to sacrifice story for them.

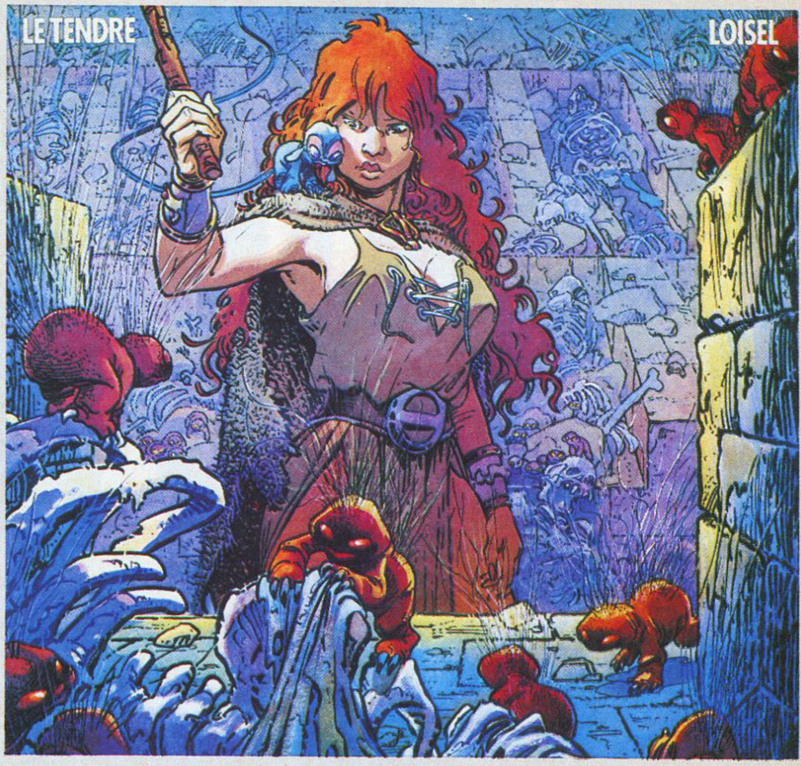
ROXANNA & the Quest for the Time-Bird

A FOUR PART GRAPHIC NOVEL SERIES

Soft as a velvet glove. . . over a steel fist:
Roxanna will bewitch you
in this fast-paced best-selling series!
Each book: full color, 8-1/2 x 11, pbk: $7.95

1. Ramor's Conch
2. The Temple of Oblivion


Roxanna
&
the Quest for the Time-Bird
1. RAMOR'S CONCH
Letendre
Loisel


LE TENDRE
LOISEL

THE MERCENARY
v. segrelles
the cult of
the sacred fire
& the formula

if she's beautiful...
if she's in danger...

THE MERCENARY

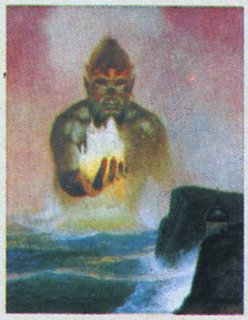
will be there

EXCITING SWORD AND SORCERY ACTION IN A FULLY PAINTED GRAPHIC NOVEL SERIES.

1/2 combined: full color pbk, 96 pp.:	$10.95
3: The Trials, full color hardcover:	$ 7.95

THE ART OF
SEGRELLES

THE ART OF SEGRELLES
The Mercenary artist's best covers for famous SF books. Glossy PBK, 9 x 11: $13.95



SEAWORLD portfolio
6 large beautiful full color plates depicting fantastic worlds of the sea.
12 x 16, limited edition: $19.95

ORDER FORM

_____ Roxanna # 1 $7.95
_____ Roxanna # 2 $7.95
_____ Mercenary # 1/2 $10.95
_____ Mercenary #3 $7.95
_____ Art of Segrelles $13.95
_____ Seaworld ptfl. $19.95
_____ P & H: add $2 first item, $1 each addt'l.
_____ Total enclosed

Name: ______________________
Address: ______________________
____

Send to:
Starlog Press
475 Park Ave. S.
New York, NY 10016

Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery
If you do not wish to clip this out, copy this form.

REVIEW

NEAR DARK

A typical night on the prowl is Pasdar's trial by fire.

Twilight's Fangs Gleaming

"...the first worthwhile original look at vampires in the '80s."

By MICHAEL WELDON

Many hard-to-please horror fans gave up on new vampire movies a long time ago. After years of nostalgic remakes, big-budget romantic box-office flops, and far too many vampire teen comedies and "Dracula goes to the disco" disasters, *Near Dark* is the first worthwhile original look at bloodsuckers in the '80s. As much as I still enjoy Lugosi and Lee, today's uncensored vampires should be terrifying, brutal and completely immoral in their endless search for blood. The rootless, ageless "family" of vampires in *Near Dark* are as relentless as the slaughterhouse rejects in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. They reduce the toughest bar brawlers to helpless, quivering victims to be played with before dinner.

Adrian Pasdar is Caleb, the star victim, a young cowboy seduced by a fascinating offbeat blonde (Jenny Wright) and forced into leaving his family for a tortured existence on the road. The real star, though, is Lance Henriksen as Jessie, the group's leader. This intense actor has been in all three of James Cameron's movies, and currently stars in *Vengeance, the Demon*. He's reunited here with two of his *ALIENS* co-stars, Jenette Goldstein and Bill Paxton. Cramps fans (we know you're out there) should get a special kick out of Paxton, who looks sort of like Lux Interior and gets to put the bite on some unfortunate yokels while the Cramps' version of "Fever" sets the mood.

People have talked for years about the difficult possibility of bringing Anne Rice's

Photo: Ron Phillips

The new American Gothic: (left to right) Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein and Bill Paxton fly by night.

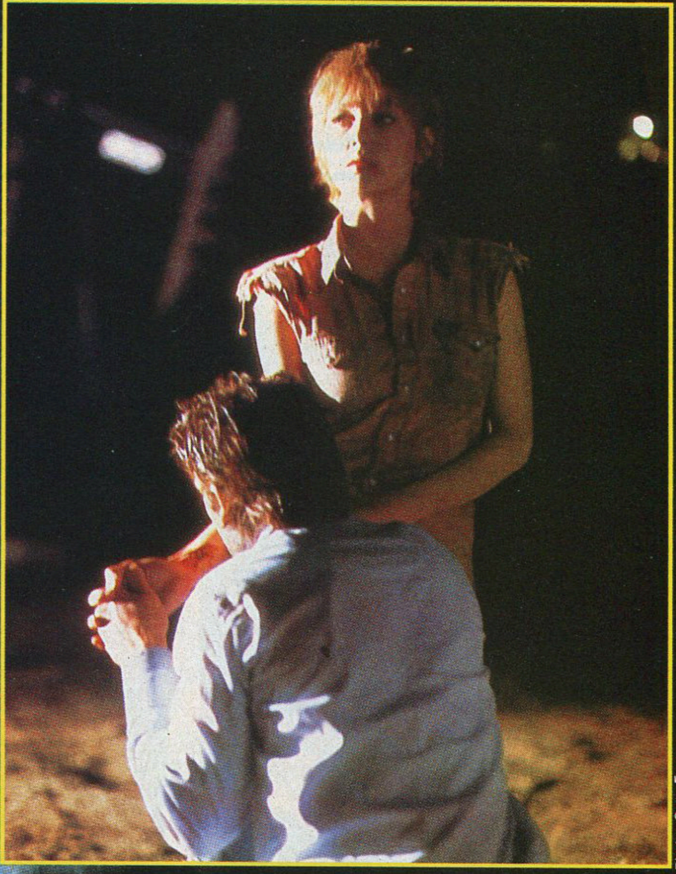


Photo: Gary Farr

Feeding time! Adrian Pasdar grovels at Jenny Wright's wrist.

popular *Interview with a Vampire* to the screen. *Near Dark* takes a move in the right direction by including a little boy who acts naive and childlike when necessary, then reverts to the ageless, bloodthirsty old man he actually is. This character (played by Joshua Miller from *The River's Edge*) even tries to vampirize Caleb's unsuspecting little sister.

Near Dark was picked up by Dino De Laurentiis' failing DEG company, which began laying off employees after easily predicted flops like *Million Dollar Mystery* and *King Kong Lives*. Dino must have sacked his best publicists, because most moviegoers never even heard about *Near Dark*, let alone the fact that it's good. It actually joins my personal list of favorite vampire movies made after the original (and best) Hammer entries. Said list includes *Daughters of Darkness* (1971), the best erotic vampire movie; Andy Warhol's *Dracula* (1973), which should have been the last word on vampire comedies; *Vampyres* (1974), the best vampire sex movie so far; and *Martin* (1976), the Romero movie that effectively threw away all the cliches.

Near Dark is the first vampire action/road movie, which makes sense when you realize that it was co-written by Eric Red, the guy who wrote the sometimes similar and equally underappreciated *The Hitcher*. It might surprise some viewers that this hard-edged picture was directed and co-written by a woman. I didn't expect much, only because Kathryn Bigelow's first post-film school effort was a pretentious, talky biker movie with Willem Dafoe called *The Loveless* (1981), which credited her as co-director. Now that she's on her own, let's hope she'll make more features this good. If she makes another effective shocker, she could easily surpass many of the better known horror specialists, who ran out of energy and ideas years ago.

Joshua Miller, a Burroughs fan who won't be around to see a film version of *Naked Lunch*.

Photo: Gary Farr

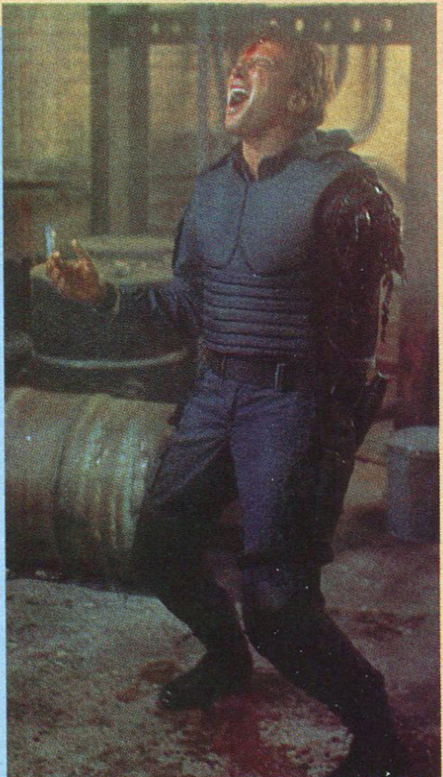
POSTERSCENE

The Skinned & the Skinheads

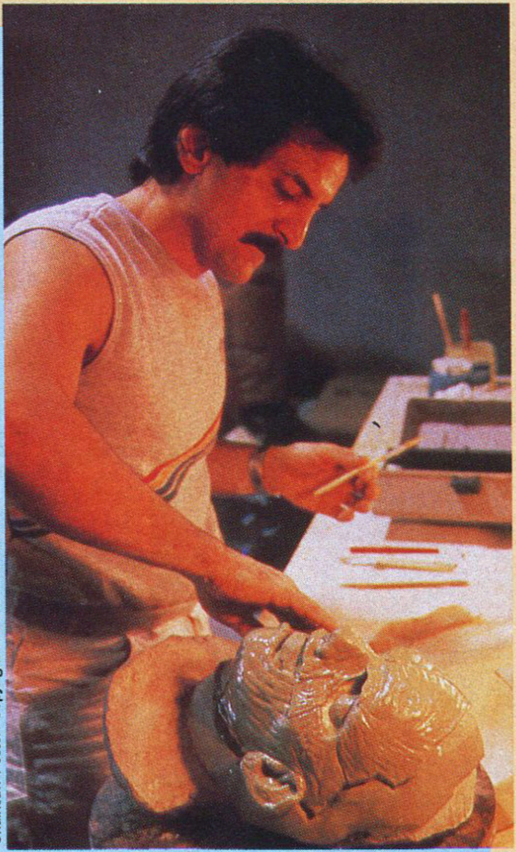
Robo Photo: S. Karin Epstein Robo Poster: Deana Newcomb

Rob Bottin can eat all the doughnuts he wants after contributing *RoboCop*'s spectacular and convincing makeup FX.

Officer Murphy does a splatter dance.



Robo Photo: Arne Schmidt

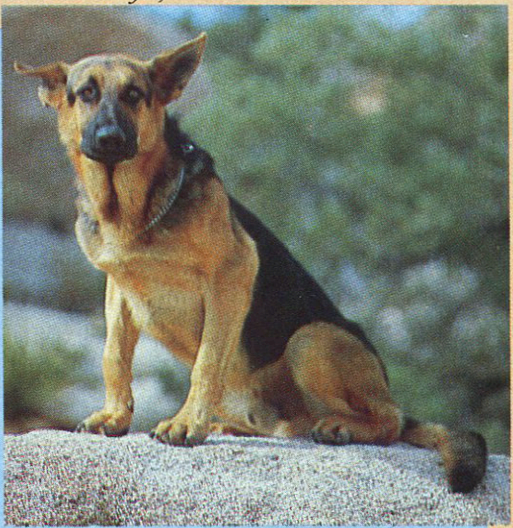


Chainsaw Poster: Copyright 1986 Cannon Films

Dark Poster: Ron Phillips/Copyright 1987 DEG

We wouldn't even think of launching a new splatter mag without running a photo of Tom (*Chainsaw 2*) Savini.

Beast goes into his acclaimed flashback in *Hills Have Eyes, Part 2*.



Hills Photo & Poster: Tim Perovich

When FANGORIA introduced their Scream Greats poster series over five years ago, it soon became one of the magazine's most popular items. And the readers demanded more! So they created the biannual FANGORIA POSTER MAGAZINE, another full-color success. And the readers still wanted more! And that's what you'll get in GOREZONE, four giant 16" x 22" posters, destined to delight and disgust you, in every issue.

This month's choices offer an eclectic lot. To back up Michael Weldon's glowing review of *Near Dark* on page 24, check out our exquisite shot of the charbroiled Bill Paxton from the movie's fiery conclusion. Then march to your local video store and demand to see this winner on tape. Skinned job #2, the unlucky L.G. (Lou Perry) of *Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2*, fared no better at the hands of Tom Savini and crew.

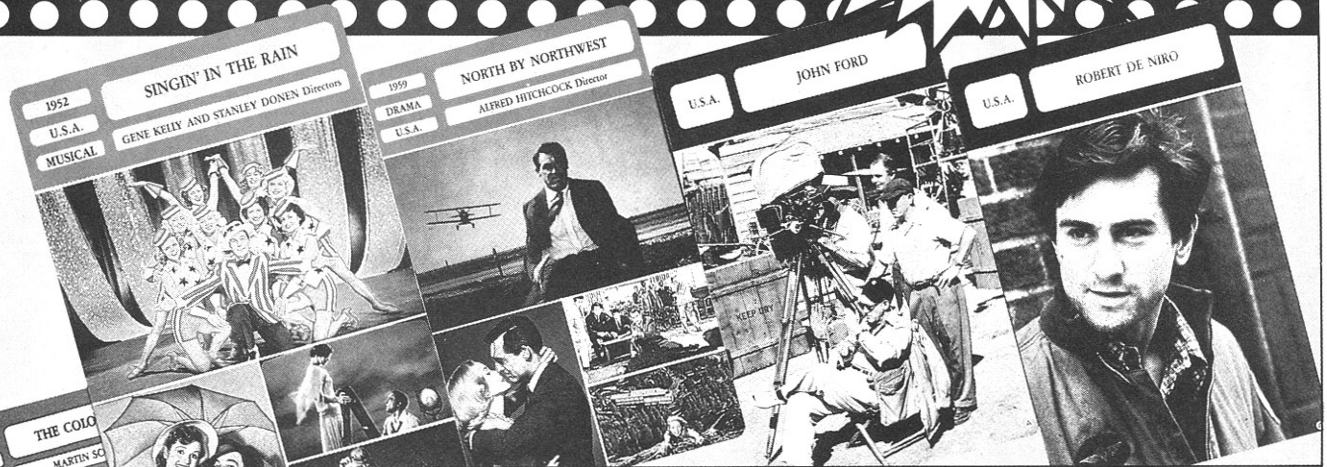
The remaining two posters deliver chrome domes of different breeds. No gross-out stuff in the *RoboCop* poster, just a fine example of master FX man Rob Bottin's stunning Robo makeup. And how many times have you said, "Gee, I'd really like to wake up to Michael Berryman's mug everyday?" Well, now you can. We've included a fabulous poster of the irresistible Pluto, just to remind you that the talented actor was probably the only redeeming thing about the inexcusabe *Hills Have Eyes 2*.

TO REMOVE THE POSTERS:
Open the magazine to the center and unbend the staples; pry them up with a screwdriver to avoid punctured, bleeding fingers. After opening all three staples, pull the posters out carefully, then bend the staples back to their original position in order to keep the rest of this wonderful magazine in good working order.

GET 50 MOVIE CARDS for only... $7.47

Plus shipping/ handling.

SPECIAL HALF-PRICE OFFER



1952
U.S.A.
MUSICAL
SINGIN' IN THE RAIN
GENE KELLY AND STANLEY DONEN Directors
1959
DRAMA
U.S.A.
NORTH BY NORTHWEST
ALFRED HITCHCOCK Director
U.S.A.
JOHN FORD
U.S.A.
ROBERT DE NIRO

THE COLO
MARTIN SC
RAMA
FREE !
G
F
E
D
1985
U.S.A.
COMEDY
DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN
SUSAN SEIDELMAN Director
MOVIE MINUTES
FREE !
2 FREE GIFTS !!
COLLECTOR'S BOX
24 INDEX CARDS !

NEW ! MOVIE MINUTES

50 Movie Cards mailed each month to you !

Introducing an exciting new Movies-Of-The-Month-Club. An easy way to collect your own world cinema information.

MOVIE MINUTES is filled with credits, cast, synopses, background information and hundreds of photos.

MOVIE MINUTES gives you instant access into film history ... at your fingertips ... organized for easy reference.

Each package of 50 cards includes:

FILMS!

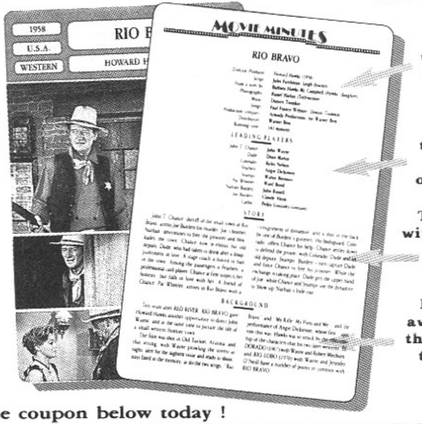
MOVIE MINUTES takes you on the set, details the important credits from the casts to the cinematographer, plus the storyline, the dates, the awards, the whys and wherefores plus many behind-the-scenes comments.

STARS!

Rare shots, many in color, from some of the most popular films ever made. Over 50 exciting photographs each month are yours to collect and treasure. Brando, Monroe, Redford, Streisand, Gibson, Streep, Stallone ... etc.

DIRECTORS!

Meet Spielberg, Fellini, Welles, Allen, Polanski, Ford, Hitchcock, Truffaut and many more. Detailed information about their techniques, styles and impact plus intimate glimpses of their careers.



1958
U.S.A.
WESTERN
RIO B
HOWARD H
MOVIE MINUTES
RIO BRAVO
LEADING PLAYERS
STORY
BACKGROUND

And much more!

The producer, director, writer, technicians, studio, running time, date of release, etc.

The names of the leading actors and the names of the roles played.

The story synopsis with all the highlights and a full plot description.

Background data, awards, locations, all the glitz and glamour that is the movies.

fill in and mail the coupon below today !

JOIN MOVIE MINUTES, THE NEW CLUB
THAT PUTS MOVIE FACTS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS !

- get **50 colorful movie cards for $ 7.47** plus shipping and handling.
- plus **2 free gifts worth $15**

then each month you will receive 50 movie cards for only $ 14.95.

ATTENTION ! VIDEOCASSETTE FANS !

Learn about the movies you rent or buy the inexpensive way with MOVIES MINUTES!

FREE HOME TRIAL

MOVIE MINUTES CLUB

STARLOG PRESS
475 Park Avenue South • New York, NY 10016

Please send my first package of 50 MOVIE MINUTES CARDS for a FREE TEN DAY TRIAL. If I am not totally satisfied I will return the first package and owe nothing. If I am delighted, I will pay for the SPECIAL HALF-PRICE OFFER just $ 7.47 plus $ 1.75 shipping and handling (plus applicable sales TAX-NY residents). Every month you will send your selection of 50 MOVIE CARDS with bill for $ 14.95 plus shipping and handling. I can cancel anytime by notification using the enclosed billing form.

Upon receipt of your payment for the SPECIAL HALF-PRICE INTRODUCTORY OFFER or if you charge it to your VISA or MASTERCARD account, we'll send you the MOVIE MINUTES Collector's Box plus 24 Divider Cards.

A $ 15 VALUE FREE !!!

SG 1

Name ______________________
(Please print plainly)

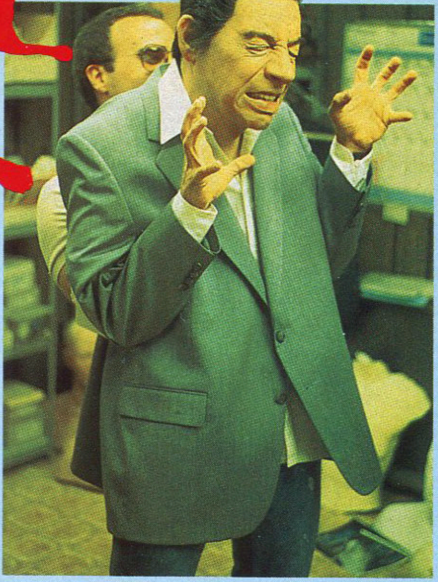
Address ______________________

Apt. ________ City ______________________

State ________ Zip ________ Phone ________

CAGLIONE & DREXLER'S MAKEUP FX LAB

No, Why? Do We Look Crazy?



The Jerry Orbach puppet, an unused gag from *F/X*. Director Robert Mandel wanted to see Jerry's face blow out on camera. We were tired of "locked-off" dummy heads and decided to build this body extension. Picture Jerry in full movement when the action takes place.

By DOUG DREXLER

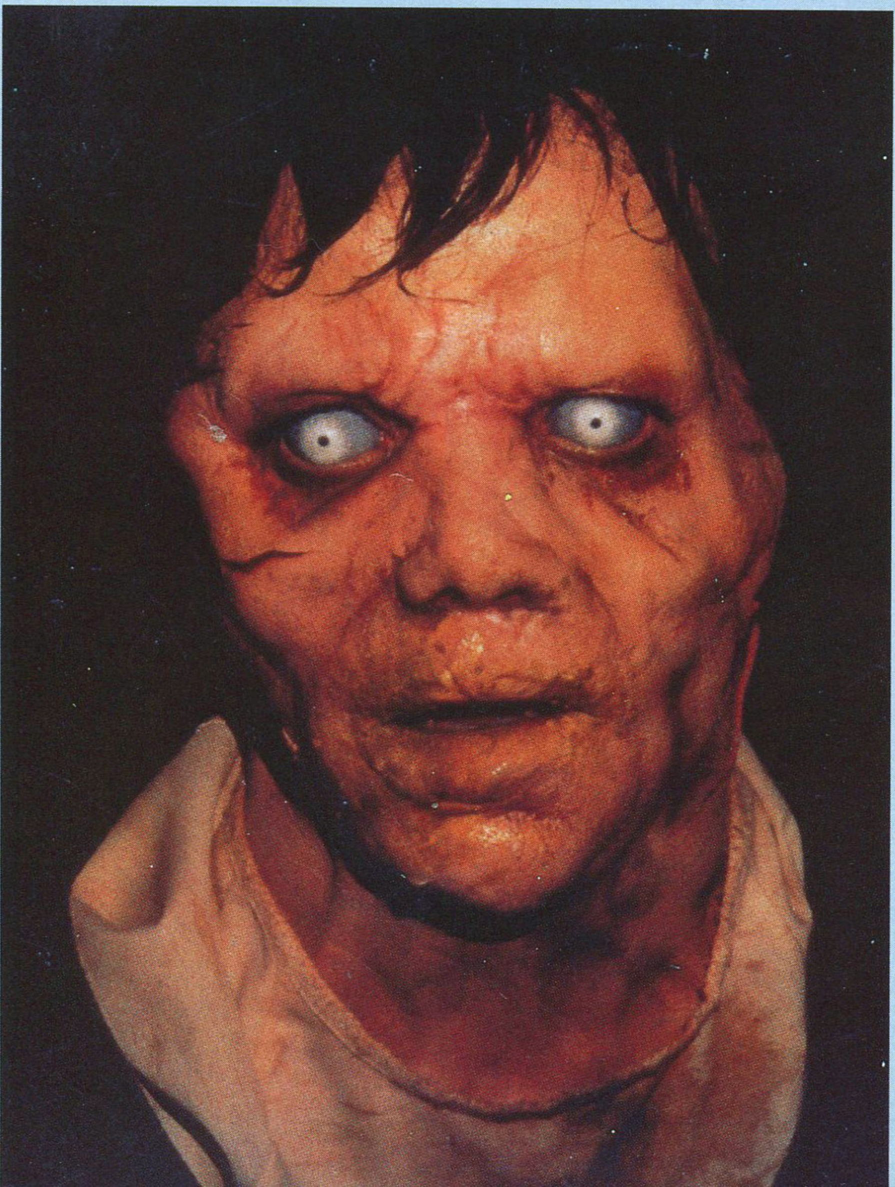
We propagated the primal populace of *Quest for Fire*, hijacked 747s with the FBI, blew people's heads off for Michael Cimino and conspired with Francis Ford Coppola to reincarnate the notorious Dutch Schultz. We made Meryl Streep pregnant for *Heartburn* and turned Woody Allen into a black jazzman for *Zelig*.

We put the points on the Coneheads and the soul patches on the Blues Brothers. We've dodged misfired shotgun pellets and beaten the flames off hapless actors with our bare hands. *Year of the Dragon* saw us as the bullets in Mickey Rourke's .44; in *The Cotton Club*, our hand was on the blade that laid open "poor Mr. Flynn." We slashed Glenn Close's wrists in *Fatal Attraction*, and once grew an alien from a strand of hair in *Starman*. We've pulled rabbits out of our hats while teetering on the very edge of oblivion.

And we've loved every minute of it.

My partner John Caglione and I are not writers, we are makeup artists. We like to draw, sculpt and dream. We are visually oriented people, and words sometimes fail us. So when Tony Timpone called with the prospect of doing a regular column for this magazine, we jumped at it.

The prospect of failure holds a special allure. It's like a paratrooper jumping into the blast without checking his static line



The *Amityville II* demon makeup: lottsa rubber, lottsa bladders and lottsa gas. Saints preserve us!

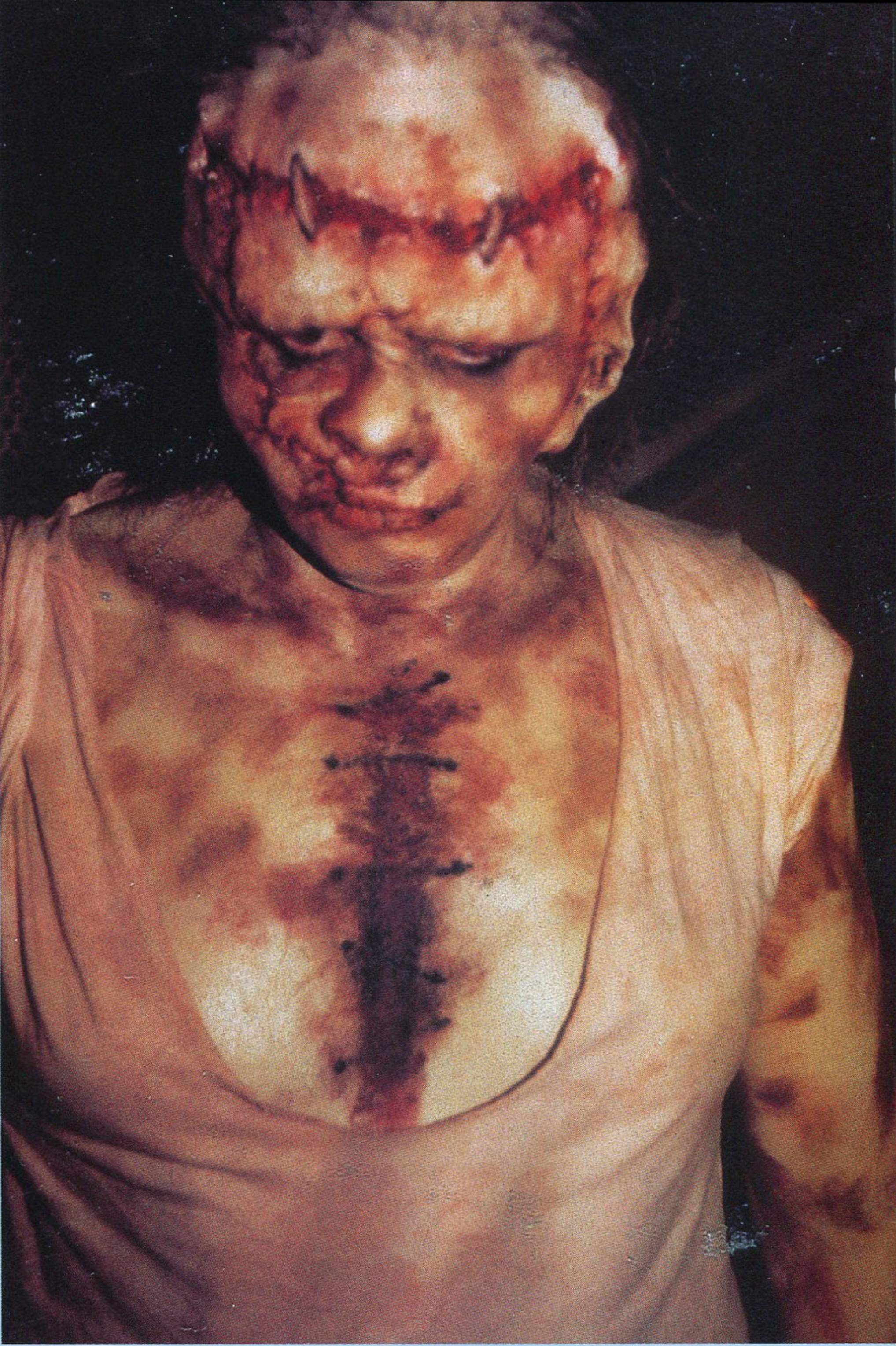
. . . on purpose. Take a chance. You don't have to jump out of an airplane. Try something new, and instead of being paralyzed by the prospect of failure, thumb your nose at it and jump in.

That's how you get started in makeup. We knew it was right, because everyone else thought it was crazy. What a long shot . . . *go for the long shot!*

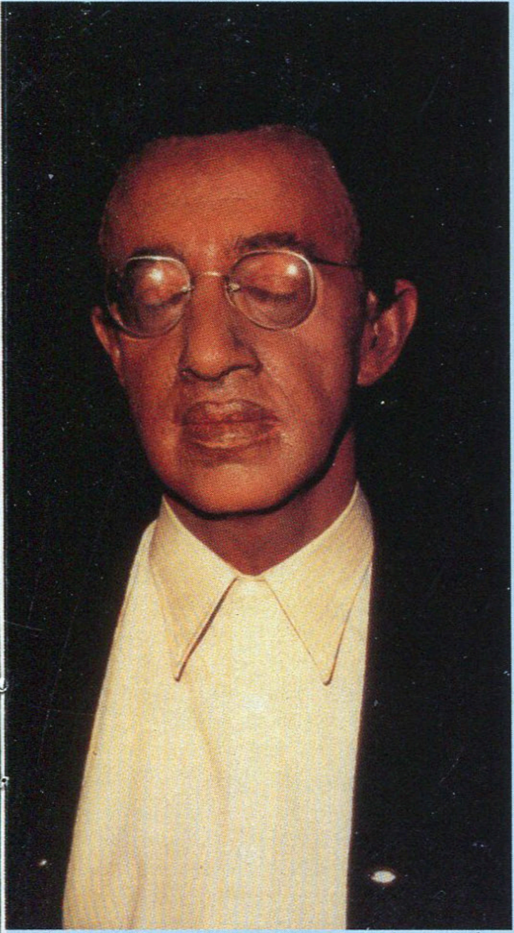
To me, my workmate John is a phenomenon. He always knew exactly what he wanted to be. Never wanted to be a ballplayer, or a policeman, or a fireman. Didn't want to be an astronaut, didn't want to be President of these here United States. John Caglione wanted to be a makeup artist. Where does a kid pick up these crazy ideas, anyway? From Forrest J Ackerman, of course.

Set the Wayback Machine, Sherman. The year: 1967. Location: Troy, New York. Through the haze we can just make it out. A little fine tuning and . . . there! John's sinister older brother Paul has a dog-eared *Famous Monsters Fearbook*. A five-buck Johnston Novelty art projector bursts to life, catching young John unprepared. He is frozen, petrified by the horrific show calculated by Paul to scare the pants off his little brother. In the background, Roy Orbison sings "Oh, Pretty Woman."

Unwittingly, Paul has just set wheels in motion that would eventually snowball into obsession for John. Horror and monsters had burst upon his consciousness for the first time. It was in the pages of *Famous Monsters* that John discovered makeup master Dick Smith, not dreaming that he would, one day, know him and call him friend.



***Frankenstein*: This infamous Broadway production posed its own set of unique problems. The image of the monster had to "read" half a football field away! The chest closure and sutures were paint only. No appliances.**



Suffering from an overwhelming need to be liked, Leonard Zelig, "The Human Chameleon," physically externalizes his desire to fit in. Woody Allen wears the black jazzman makeup for *Zelig*.

The makeup master is Mr. D. Smith,
He did makeup on *The Exorcist*!
He cast Linda's face, put prosthetics on it,
He figured out a way to make her puke
green vomit!
Makeup! Makeup! M-M-M-M-M-
Makeup!

Excerpted from The Makeup Rap
by Rap Master "T" Tom Lauten ©1987

Dick Smith would become the greatest single influence on young John's life. His legendary generosity would pave the way

C.H.U.D.: Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dweller. Can you dig it? Gee, looks great here. Someday they'll let us line up our own shots.

Quest for Fire required the creation of various prehistoric tribes, including full body suits and complex foam latex appliances. Everyone in that film wore rubber, and all work was produced under the most dire of conditions.

for John's eventual success. Dick became more than a mentor to John; he was also a father figure.

I'm sure this sounds like a common story, but what high school guidance counselor could be ready for such farfetched goals?

John: (*with great sincerity*) I want to be a makeup artist, sir. I'm going to make monsters.
Counselor: (*equally sincere*) You can't do that, son. You're going to college!

"He thought I was going to be stamped and shipped off with the rest of them," John recalls. "Uh-uh, no way. So I'm home and the phone rings. It's Dick Smith, who says, 'I've recommended you for an apprenticeship at NBC. Get ready!'

"Fade to 30 Rock. I'm being sized up by Lee Baygan and Sadie Hall, the heads of the department," he continues. "They have some serious doubts, like my age, since I'm only 18. 'Please, Mr. Baygan, I've prepared a makeup! Let me prove myself!' Lee was amused. He gave me 3B, the makeup room for *The Nightly News* and *Today*. I was hired. I lasted five months. I was overwhelmed.

"Their original evaluation of me was correct," John assesses. "It was too much too soon. The responsibility of NBC, learning to budget and pay bills, just plain taking care of myself . . . I was 18, but I might just as well have been four. I was prepared for makeup, but not for the business of life. With my heart broken, I quit NBC. It was plain that my career as a makeup artist was over. How could I ever face Dick Smith? My shame was great indeed.

"I landed a job at a dental lab on the plaster bench and worked two weeks free to prove myself, having recalled Dick's observation that dental and makeup labs shared much," he goes on. "He was correct. It was the next best thing. But that's not all. It taught me patience, how to sit and pay attention. I learned how to work and be responsible.

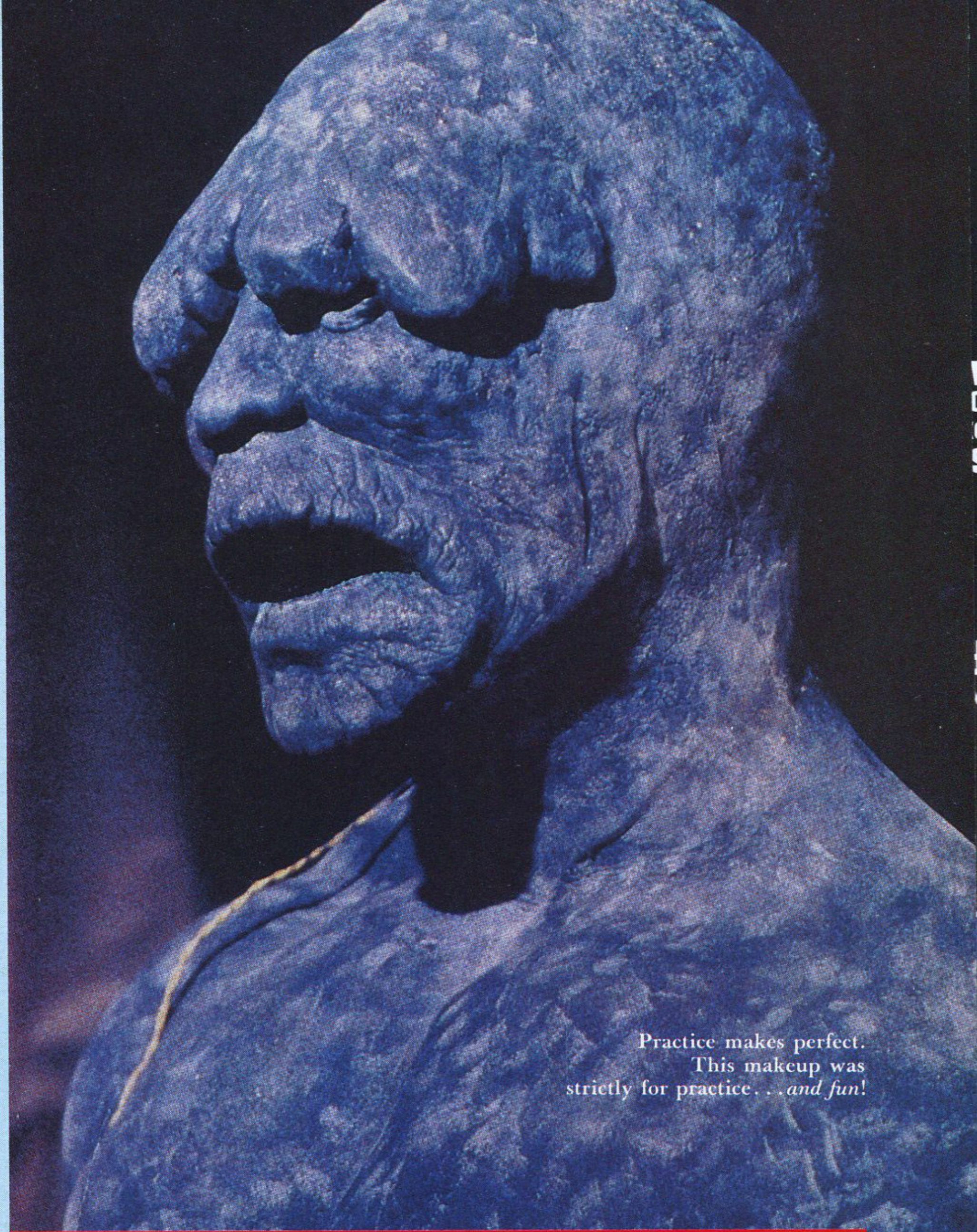
"At the end of a year-and-a-half, I was key man in the lab, the only person who could work all departments," John concludes. "And then one day, just as it had happened two years before, the phone rang. It was Dick. I gasped—it was a second chance! I was ready, and this time I would stay at NBC for six years."

A makeup lab is just like the bridge of the Enterprise. Be a Data or a LaForge—follow directions, take notes, be egoless. The only person on the job entitled to an ego is the department head, because creative decisions and ego go hand in hand. You can't be artistic without it. Learn to control it and harness it to propel your efforts. John and I work in concert, with egos subservient to the cause of family and the task at hand. We do not argue an idea simply because it is our own.

Be well adjusted. Be willing to go anywhere and do anything at any time. Be 100 percent reliable. Remember that talent is no assurance of success; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. You must work hard and be alive.

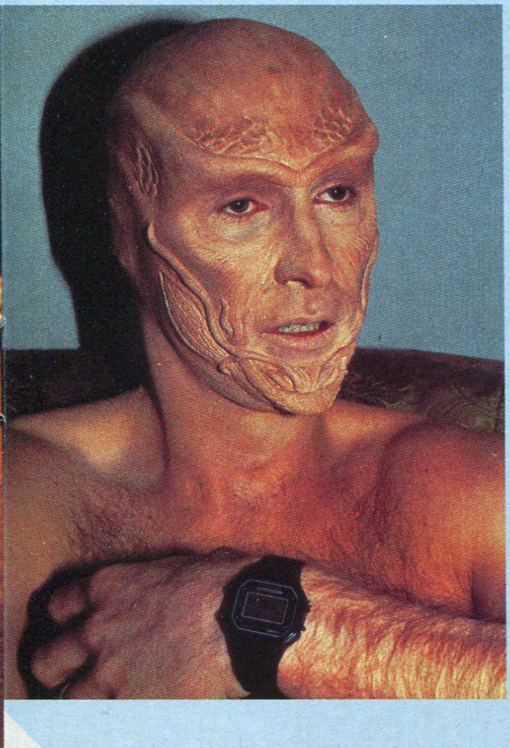
Pay attention to the peripheral things, as well. Eat right, read up on nutrition. This may sound silly, but the machine you are strapped into, your body, is greatly affected by what you consume. That includes your perception, and that's what makeup is all about. Dick Smith is a nutritionist and is well aware of its benefits. In Chicago, for *Poltergeist III*, he worked 24 hours on the set, hanging upside-down from scaffolding. It is no accident that at 65+, he runs around like a nut, nimble as a monkey. If you really want to work in a lab situation, you're going to have to be analytical, and you might as well start with the instrument that can carry your sentience a crisp 100 years, or a soggy 50.

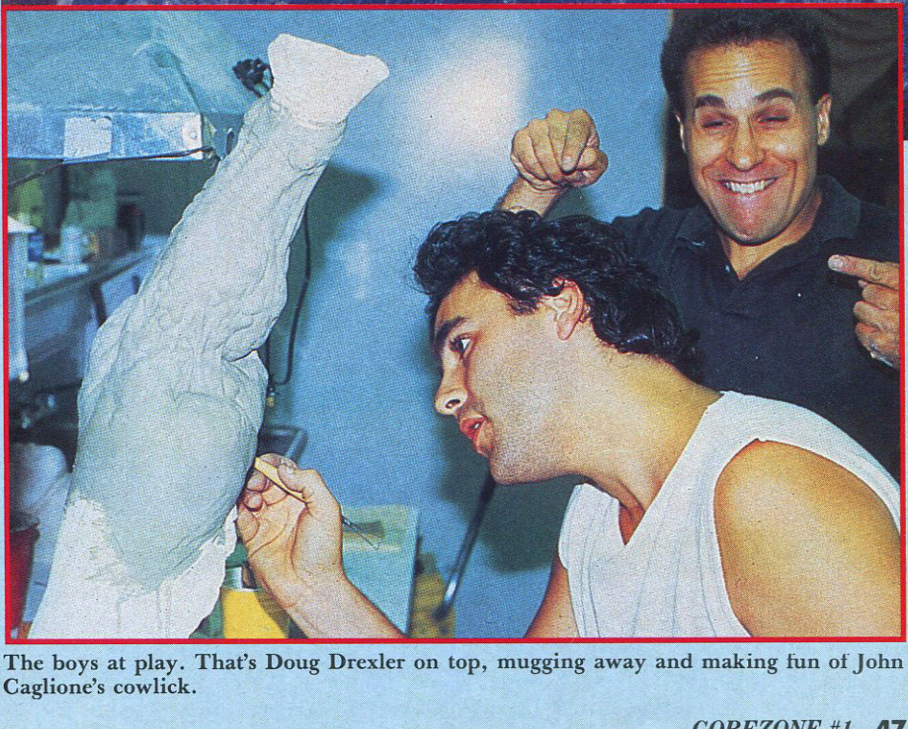
Most important, don't grow up too much. Make an effort to identify your passions and focus to develop them. Do not abandon those things loved in childhood, as they are the purest and truest feelings that you will probably ever know. If a person does not shed childhood like an old coat outgrown, the potential is greater for a stranger, more unusual and, in many ways, a more fulfilled, happy life. Let go of nothing, temper yourself with experience. Do not burn down and then



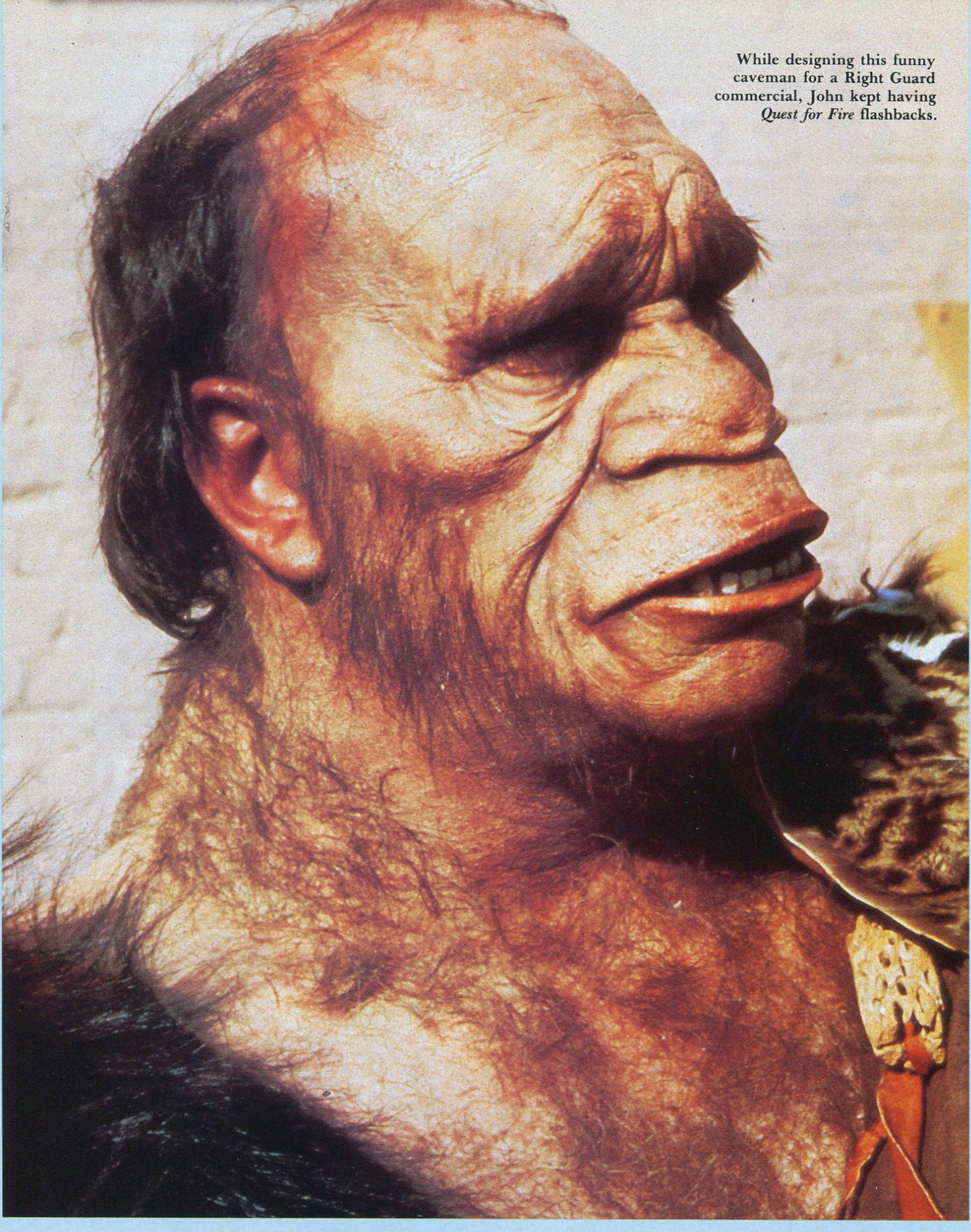
Practice makes perfect. This makeup was strictly for practice. . . *and fun*!

A makeup demonstration for *Lights, Camera, Action!* on the Nickelodeon channel. Meeting Leonard Nimoy was fun.





The boys at play. That's Doug Drexler on top, mugging away and making fun of John Caglione's cowlick.



While designing this funny caveman for a Right Guard commercial, John kept having *Quest for Fire* flashbacks.

All Photos: Courtesy C & D

attempt to rebuild.

Be your own biggest fan. Look forward to your next job, your next project, as part of an unveiling of the most amazing life of all: your own. Delight in the hassles and heartbreak. Remember that adversity will toughen you. *Make your first 1,000 errors today.* Concentrate on happiness. Set some time aside each day to visualize your goal. You can make it real.

Hey, we finished a column! Stay tuned for future reports, including this list of possible miracles:

- *Friends, Romans and Countrymen, We Blew Off a Guy's Ear!*: An in-depth look at *Year of the Dragon*'s bullet hits and blowing people up with Michael Cimino.
- *Zen and the Art of Foam Latex*: Some new angles on that most unusual and enigmatic of makeup materials. It's alive. Find out for whom the bowl tolls.
- *Anatomy of a Production*: The nuts and bolts of *Poltergeist III*. Learn to chart the course, then tie yourself to the mizzenmast.

Until next time, adios!

Relive your favorite films

OFFICIAL POSTER MAGAZINES contain 10 foldout posters, each measuring 16" x' 22"–plus complete stories of the films, biographies of the stars and rare photos!

OFFICIAL POSTER BOOKS unfold to make a giant 22' x 33" poster in full color. On the flip side are articles, biographies and additional color photos.

10 GIANT STAR TREK POSTERS
The ultimate STAR TREK adventure!
Scenes from the movie!
THE OFFICIAL MOVIE MAGAZINE
STAR TREK IV THE VOYAGE HOME
Kirk, Spock & crew journey into yesterday to save tomorrow
Complete photo log of the amazing mission
WILLIAM SHATNER Revealing the judgment against Kirk
LEONARD NIMOY Making Spock more human
DEFOREST KELLEY

STAR TREK III THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK
SF'S GREATEST HEROES ON THEIR MOST DESPERATE MISSION
The Final Voyage Of The Starship Enterprise
Incredible Color Photos Of Triumph & Tragedy
Making The Movie!
Nimoy Directs!
Shatner Stars!
KIRK Risks Everything For His Vulcan Friend
OFFICIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION
SUPERMAN III POSTER MAGAZINE
Brooks' wackiest "sci-fi" comedy!
SPACEBALLS THE MAGAZINE
Blazing Collector's Edition: worth big bucks soon!
10 Giant-Size Posters: Oh boy, are they big!
Beyond laughter!
Read the stories! Watch the movie!
THE OFFICIAL MOVIE MAGAZINE
RAMBO FIRST BLOOD PART II
STALLONE
OVER THE TOP
STALLONE'S NEWEST HERO!
12 GIANT STALLONE POSTERS! FULL COLOR!
Special Report ARM WRESTLING IN AMERICA!
10 PHOTO POSTERS LICENSED TO THRILL
THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS
Timothy Dalton– The most dangerous Bond ever!
The James Bond mystique: Girls, gadgets & glamour
Behind the scenes of 007's latest mission
OFFICIAL MOVIE SPECIAL
The making of this amazing voyage! Includes eight spectacular STAR TREK posters!
DELUXE EDITION
He-Man & Skeletor duel to the death!
MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE
10 MIGHTY POSTERS! 16 x 22
OFFICIAL POSTER MAGAZINE
America's favorite heroes come to life!
THE OFFICIAL MOVIE MAGAZINE
ROCKY III
THE OFFICIAL MOVIE BOOK
ROCKY IV
THE OFFICIAL THE UNTOUCHABLES
The legend of Eliot Ness & Al Capone!
INTERVIEWS! BEHIND THE SCENES! DOZENS OF PHOTOS!
THE STORY IN PICTURES!
10 POWERFUL POSTERS: 16 x 22
SUPERMAN IV THE QUEST FOR PEACE
OFFICIAL POSTER MAGAZINE
Man of Steel vs. Nuclear Man
All-New Collector's Edition
Christopher Reeve Gene Hackman Mariel Hemingway & Margot Kidder
The making of SUPERMAN IV
THE OFFICIAL M
ALIENS
The year's most spectacular science-fiction adventure!

OFFICIAL MOVIE MAGAZINES are packed with interviews, articles, behind-the-scenes information–plus dozens of color photos! 64 pages!

SPECIAL COMBO BOOK PACKAGE! 48 pages of stories–plus 8 giant posters! All color! A super value!

Clip or Copy

SPECIAL COMBO BOOK PACKAGE

- ☐ *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* $5.95
- ☐ *Aliens* $5.95
- ☐ *Rocky IV* $4.95

POSTER BOOKS

- ☐ *Rocky II* $1.50
- ☐ *High Road to China* $1.95
- ☐ *SF Superheroes* $1.50
- ☐ *TV Superheroes & SPACE FANTASY* $1.50
- ☐ *Joanie Loves Chachi* $1.95
- ☐ *Fame* $1.95
- ☐ *Annie* $1.75

POSTER MAGAZINES

- ☐ *Superman IV: Quest for Peace* $3.50
- ☐ *Living Daylights* $3.50
- ☐ *Spaceballs*$3.50
- ☐ *Masters of the Universe* $3.50
- ☐ *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* $3.50
- ☐ *Superman III* $3.00
- ☐ *Star Trek III: Search for Spock* $3.00
- ☐ *Conan the Destroyer* $3.00
- ☐ *Rocky IV* $3.50
- ☐ *Rambo* $3.50
- ☐ *Over the Top* $3.50

MOVIE MAGAZINES

- ☐ *The Untouchables* $3.95
- ☐ *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* $3.95
- ☐ *Rocky IV* $3.95
- ☐ *Explorers* $3.95
- ☐ *Star Trek III: Search for Spock* $3.50
- ☐ *Star Trek II: Wrath of Khan* $3.50
- ☐ *Rocky III* $3.00
- ☐ *High Road to China* $3.50
- ☐ *Staying Alive* $3.00
- ☐ *Annie* $2.95

STARLOG PRESS
475 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016

Send cash, check or money order!

Please add postage and handling charge for each publication ordered. Movie, Poster or Combo Magazine—$1.50; Poster Book—$1.00

NAME ______________________________

STREET ______________________________

CITY ______________________________

STATE ______________ ZIP ______________

If you do not want to cut out coupon, we will accept written orders.

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

PROFILE

Gale Anne Hurd's BAD DREAMS

"Unless the human element is strong, all the other stuff really means nothing."

By PHILIP NUTMAN

"She knows who's good in whatever area of film you want to mention," says director Andrew Fleming of *Bad Dreams* producer Gale Anne Hurd. "She's the whole reason this film is getting made."

We are conversing about *Bad Dreams*, 20th Century Fox's spring horror release, in the parking lot of St. Basil's Catholic church on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. It's a clear, slightly chilly night in early November 1987. A parking lot is not the most comfortable nor practical place to interview a movie producer, but Gale Anne Hurd is a very busy woman these days. In fact, she's currently producing two pictures at the same time – *Bad Dreams* and the big-budget science-fiction thriller *Outer Heat*, which stars James Caan, Mandy Patinkin and Terence Stamp.

Hurd, of course, produced writer/director James Cameron's blockbuster *ALIENS*. As a result of the huge success of that movie (a worldwide box-office gross of $148 million to date), she is now one of the most sought-after producers in the business. Not only did she co-write and produce Cameron's first hit, *Terminator*, she is also his wife. (Now, *that's* a great relationship.)

A little later than expected, the lady in question arrives. Often, the presence of the producer on a set can put a damper on the proceedings. That, however, is not the case with this picture. It is immediately apparent that Hurd is held in high regard by the whole crew, many of whom have worked with her before. Introductions and apologies aside, she seats herself in the vacant director's chair and says, "I did not choose this," referring to the monumental task of making two films at the same time.

"As usual, it was a case of when the financing was in place, not deciding on a particular time," Hurd reveals. "And it just happened that the two projects converged. It's sapping my energy to the point where I'm fighting illness every week. The thing about being a producer is that when you work on a film that's primarily a night shoot, you have to be there most of the time, but the financiers also expect you to be at the office bright and early every morning. What they don't take into account is when you're going to sleep. So with *Bad Dreams* being mainly a day shoot and *Outer Heat* a night shoot, it's very, very demanding."

Hard work is nothing new to Hurd, whose career has risen meteorically in the space of a decade. She began at New World in 1977 after graduating Phi Beta Kappa from Stanford University with a combined degree in economics and communications. At New World, she was Roger Corman's executive assistant but rose rapidly to become director of advertising and publicity. Active production followed with *Battle Beyond the Stars* and *The Georgia Peaches*. Departing from the Corman company (where she met Cameron, who moved from art department to FX) in 1982, Hurd started Pacific Western Productions, through which *Terminator* was developed. Cameron and Hurd also

A major studio comes up with their answer to Freddy Krueger in *Bad Dreams*.

run a second production company, Tech Noir, which is the current home for their future productions.

"*Bad Dreams* deals with a young woman who, as the result of a fire and an explosion, has been in a coma for a number of years," she explains. "When she wakes up, her last memories are of the early '70s. She wakes in a hospital to find she has no friends, no relatives, and has to adjust to life in the '80s. In the meantime, a mystery needs to be solved as to why the commune she was living in burned to the ground. Basically, it's about coming to terms with her memories and a great threat to her at the heart of the mystery."

Hurd has a reputation in the industry as someone who demands strong stories populated with strong characters and is not interested in making a quick buck; hence her decision, along with Cameron, to have nothing to do with *ALIEN 3*. "Jim and I made it very clear after we finished *ALIENS* — we hate to call it *ALIEN 2* — that we had said all we possibly could about that particular alien life form, though Fox did try to get us interested," she reveals. "I'm sure there will be lots of aliens in our future as filmmakers, but nothing to do with that specific type."

Explaining her decision to produce *Bad Dreams*, Hurd describes the script as "a real page-turner, an incredibly compelling screenplay" and feels its subject matter touches upon areas the genre has not seriously examined before, particularly not in the way director Fleming approaches them.

"This is really an actor's piece, and the cast are like an ensemble," she opines. In addition to ex-Dream Warrior Jennifer Rubin and Bruce (*Re-Animator*) Abbott, there are performers like *L.A. Law*'s Susan Ruttan, Harris Yulin, Alex Cox regular Sy Richardson, and Richard (*Vampire*) Lynch, a familiar heavy with a strong theater background.

But what about employing a 24-year-old NYU graduate to direct a $4 million picture as his debut feature? That seems a big risk to take. "He directed a number of short features, all of which showed he was not only very visual in orientation but that he could work extremely well with actors, both professional and neophytes," Hurd praises. "I see a lot of student films, and he showed an expertise and professionalism I've rarely come across before. I honestly don't feel age should be a factor that deters people from directing. If someone is a mature director, which I guarantee you Andrew Fleming is from having seen how he runs a set and confers with the actors, he shouldn't be denied the opportunity to direct a studio feature just because he's 24."

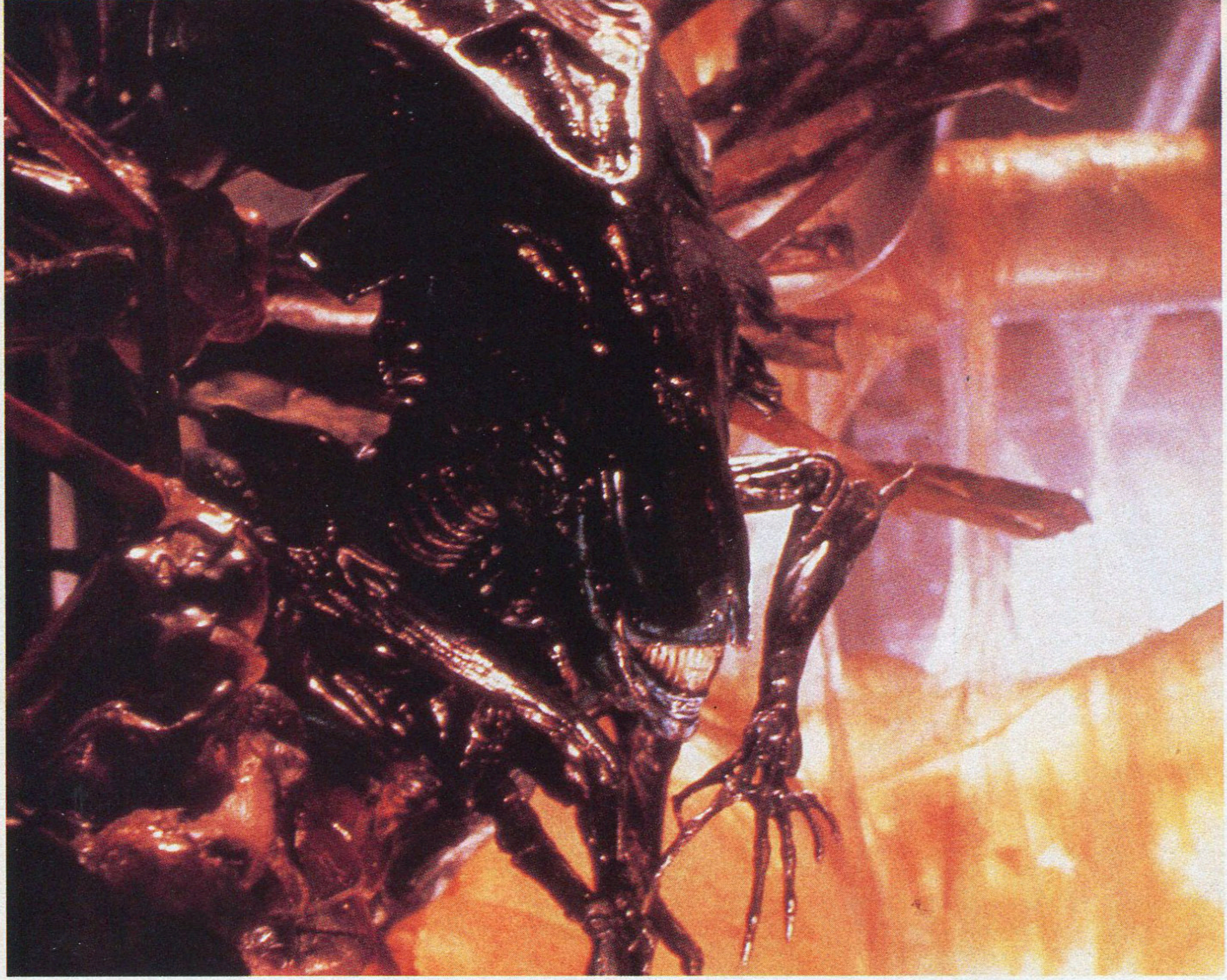
Dreams Photos: Luke Wynne/Copyright 20th Century Fox

A slit throat hardly riles cult leader Harris (Richard Lynch).

Hurd's enthusiasm is not centered on the horror project alone. *Outer Heat*, an SF movie with a bigger budget than *Bad Dreams* and therefore potentially more problematic, also arouses her passion. "What I love about *Outer Heat* is that it's science fiction but at the same time it's a story very much about prejudice," the producer enthuses. "It examines how new racial groups assimilating into the greater Los Angeles melting pot are treated, and how we have a predisposition towards resentment and fearing people who are different. In this case the 'boat people,' if you like, who have arrived here are extraterrestrials. Set three years from now, it's treated very seriously. This isn't a comedy, but at the same time, it's quite funny."

Jennifer Rubin faces a nightmare world of hippies and horror.

Outer Heat is a murder mystery. James Caan is an LA detective whose partner is killed. The story takes a familiar situation and approaches its material from a different angle, as Hurd explains: "A spaceship with 260,000 inhabitants lands here. They are slaves in an automated craft they didn't build. They're not technologically advanced and



ALIENS Photos: Bob Penn/Copyright 1986 20th Century Fox

If the Queen gets down for an *ALIEN 3*, don't expect James Cameron or Gale Anne Hurd on board.

Hurd hired Michele Burke to fine tune the art of burn makeups on *Bad Dreams*.

Photo: Courtesy Michele Burke

have no way of returning to where they are from. They are very humanoid in appearance, yet at the same time, with one glance you know they're different.

"Caan's partner is killed by one of the aliens—excuse me, I mean the Newcomers; we don't want to call them aliens because that conjures up all kinds of negative images," Hurd corrects herself. "In order to solve the crime, he takes on the first Newcomer promoted to detective as his partner, which enables him to enter the Newcomer ghetto."

Both projects had new writers brought in to work on them shortly before shooting started: Steven E. de Souza (who recently scripted *The Running Man*) was assigned *Bad Dreams*, and James Cameron tackled *Outer Heat*. "We realized there were a couple of areas that needed polishing, not rewriting—there's a distinct difference," the producer emphasizes. "We were two weeks away from shooting *Bad Dreams*. Andy was involved with preproduction. I would have been happy to have him polish his script, but he just didn't have the time. Steve de Souza has injected a warmth into the characters, lightening the human tones to give a stronger contrast to the dark material.

"What Jim brings to the scripts he writes is an incredible sense of action that serves the plot, incorporating action scenes that don't seem like they've been tacked on," she continues. "You never want the audience to think, 'OK, here we take time out for a slam-bang chase,' as is often the case. He was also able to integrate more science-fiction elements to the story without pushing it into a *Blade Runner* direction. Urban Los Angeles three years from now will not be so different, after all. Plus, we now have more of a background concerning the Newcomers culture that he developed."

Hurd's choice of director for *Outer Heat* was Graham Baker, the Englishman who helmed *The Final Conflict* and *Impulse*. Since neither movie was a financial or critical success (and in terms of fan reaction, both were poor at best), it is a surprise to hear that Baker is heading up a big-budget picture.

"Graham read an early draft and responded very well to the material," Hurd recalls. "His comments fit in well with

Tiptoe through the Alien eggs.

Producer Gale Anne Hurd promises that the *Terminator* will be back.

Terminator Photo: Joyce Rudolph/
Copyright 1984 Orion

mine and those of my co-producer, Richard (*Salem's Lot*) Kobritz. He didn't want to just make an action movie with science-fiction elements; Graham wanted to concentrate on the relationship between the two policemen, in the manner of Norman Jewison's *In the Heat of the Night* as opposed to *Lethal Weapon*. Frankly, there were a lot of good things about the films he'd directed in terms of style and the way in which he works with actors.

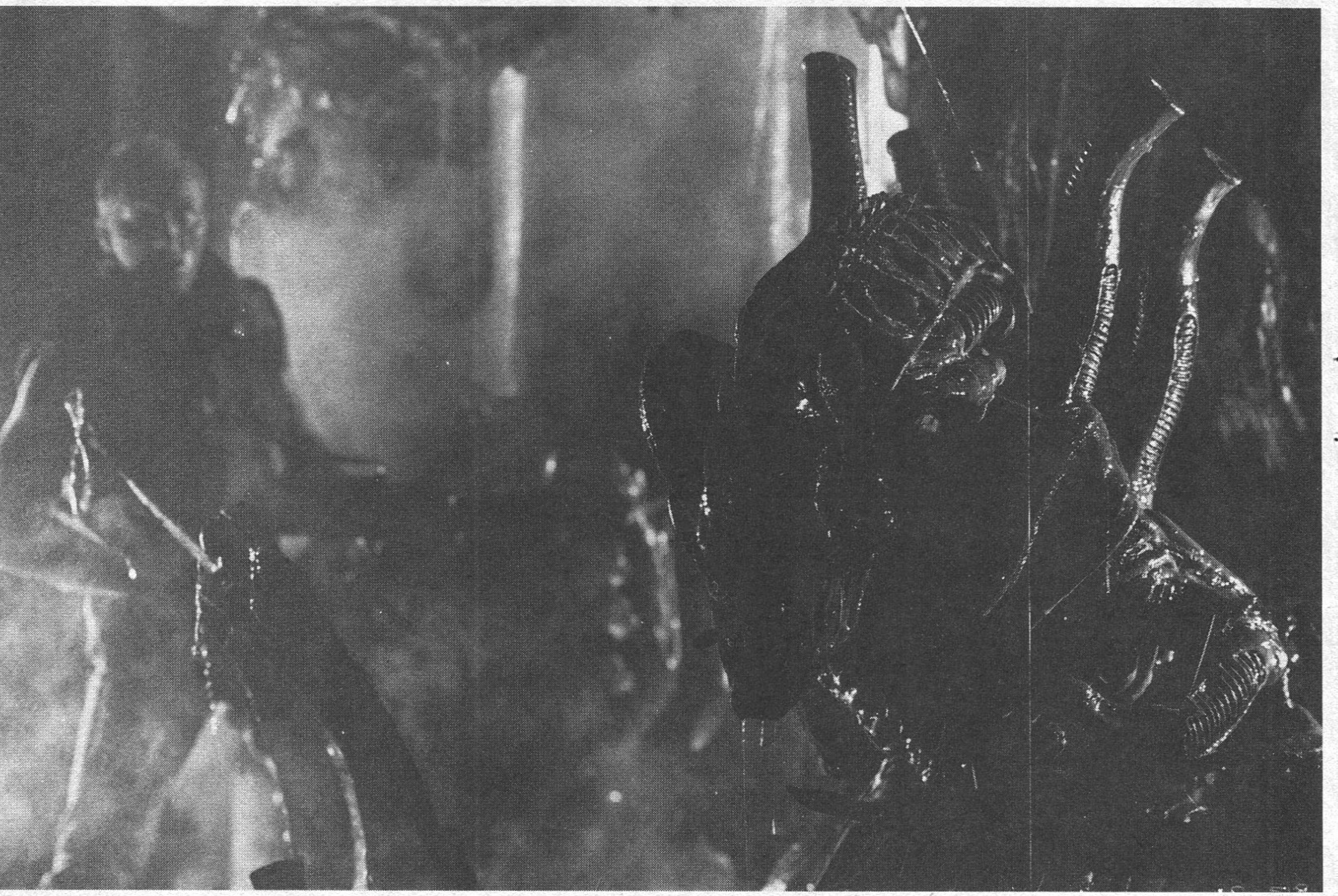
"You can get away with murder in terms of special effects and sets," Hurd observes. "But unless the human element is strong, all the other stuff really means nothing. If the viewers don't care about the characters, they will not really accept the situations they're in, especially if those situations involve jeopardy, and you can only achieve that through well-directed actors. There are many movies out that are only there to stun you, either visually or viscerally."

From the details revealed, *Outer Heat* sounds similar to New Line's *The Hidden*. Again, Gale Anne Hurd is forthright in her opinion on the subject. "I read *The Hidden* a long time ago. I don't think it corresponds at all. It certainly doesn't deal with the theme of prejudice. From the first frame of *Outer Heat*, you'll see it's an allegory—not in a heavy-handed sense, but very much at its core. There's no mystery with the Newcomers, whereas the question in *The Hidden* is 'Who are these people who look just like us?' The only similarities are that both movies have aliens and they're cops."

With most studio hierarchies being composed of former agents and the majority of producers being money men, dealmakers as opposed to talented, imaginative people with a feel for story and the artistry involved in the filmmaking process, Hurd is a refreshing, welcome exception to the norm. Clearly a clever businesswoman, she nonetheless always contributes creatively to her projects.

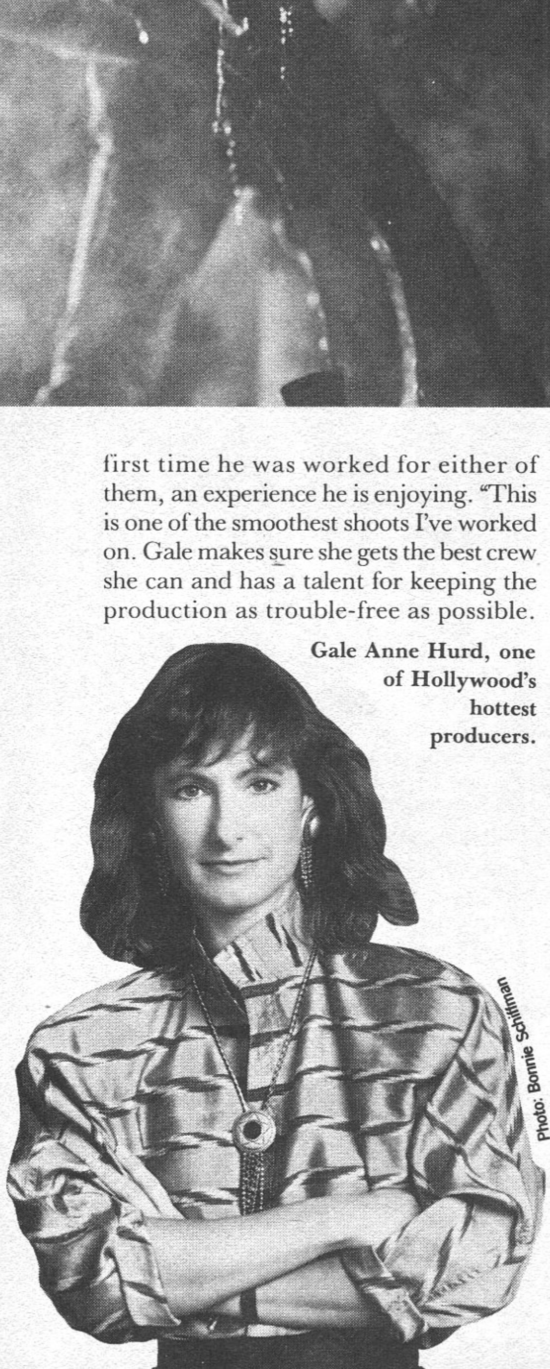
"I like to be involved as much as possible," she states. "Finding a script, getting the script to the point where I can interest a studio or financing entity to put up the money, through to every other level of making a film. I'm critically involved with casting both the actors and the key personnel who head up each department. My feeling is that a director should *run* the set, that I shouldn't have to look over his shoulder; that's not my function. At the same time, whatever director we are using, I always insist on storyboards so that we can all have a visual reference to ensure we are seeing the film in the same way."

Hurd certainly seems able to bring out the best in her crew members, several of whom have worked with her regularly since *Terminator*. "Gale is very loyal," concurs *Bad Dreams* actor Bruce Abbott who, as husband to *Terminator* heroine Linda Hamilton, knows both Hurd and Cameron socially. This, however, marks the



ALIENS: **Hurd's biggest hit, with nearly $150 million in the till.**

first time he was worked for either of them, an experience he is enjoying. "This is one of the smoothest shoots I've worked on. Gale makes sure she gets the best crew she can and has a talent for keeping the production as trouble-free as possible. Obviously, my perception of her is biased because we're friends, but it's easy to see how efficient a producer is: Just look how content the crew members are."



Gale Anne Hurd, one of Hollywood's hottest producers.

Photo: Bonnie Schiffman

Snippets of conversation overheard and the general atmosphere on the location support Abbott's claims. *Bad Dreams* is running on schedule through a combination of thorough organization, hard work and strong sense of commitment.

With two projects currently in production, Hurd is fully prepared for the future. "Jim's been writing treatments this past year," she reveals, "that will probably take us through the next 10 years." Although she has various other types of pictures in different stages of development at Universal, Paramount and Disney, including an epic prison drama, a romantic comedy and a psychological thriller, most of these future films will be within the areas her name is most associated with.

"Absolutely," she smiles. "No big surprise there. Science fiction, horror and fantasy are my favorite areas of cinema, and I want to continue to make films that satisfy and delight that audience."

By the time *Bad Dreams* and *Outer Heat* are released, Hurd and Cameron will already be in the thick of their next joint venture. "It's starting to sound like an old record, but we've just signed a two-picture deal with 20th Century Fox. We'll announce the title of our next film this year. At this point, we haven't decided which one of the two we'll do first."

[At presstime, Hurd and Cameron announced their new project, *The Abyss*, an "underwater adventure" due in May 1989.]

With the way things are running, it looks as if we may have to wait quite some time for a sequel to *Terminator*. Hurd refuses to be specific, but sounds optimistic. "I'm always hopeful," she says, "but we don't have a deal at present, surprising as that may seem. Once we have a deal, we'll write a script. We are, thank God, both at the point in our careers where Jim and I don't have to write on spec [without guarantee of payment] anymore. It's a nice position to be in.

"Look at *ALIENS*," the producer concludes. "It took seven years for a sequel to the Ridley Scott original to come out. I don't think time is very important when it comes to sequels. But the story is."

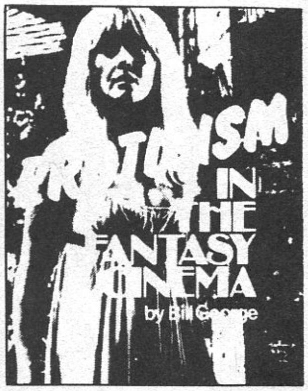
FREE* PENDANT!

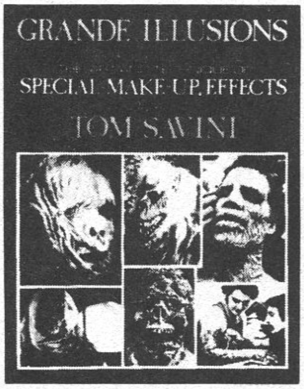
Genuine soil from Dracula's Castle!

*Order any two titles from this ad and we'll include a Dracula's Castle Genuine Soil Pendant** absolutely free of charge. (Or if you prefer, order only one book and you may purchase the pendant for only $4.95 each. Naturally, if you wish, you can purchase the pendant alone for the $9.95 retail.) The choice is yours, but act today because this is a limited time offer.

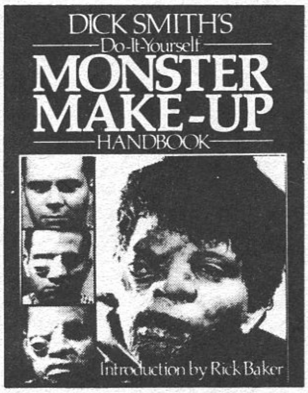
FORREST J ACKERMAN, FAMOUS MONSTER OF FILMLAND by Forrest Ackerman. Complete guide to the first 50 issues of the world's first and most collected filmmonster mag. Great fun. Introduction by Vincent Price.
$10.95

FORREST J ACKERMAN,
MONSTER
$10.95
BEST BOOK EVER!
Introduction by VINCENT PRICE
COLLECTOR'S EDITION

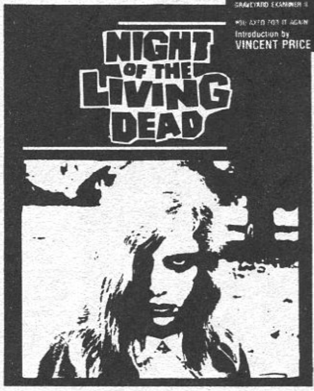

EROTICISM IN THE FANTASY CINEMA
by Bill George


GRANDE ILLUSIONS
SPECIAL MAKE-UP EFFECTS
TOM SAVINI

GRANDE ILLUSIONS,
A learn-by-example guide to special effects make-up from the films of Tom Savini. Hundreds of photos. Introduction by Stephen King and George Romero.
$9.95


DICK SMITH'S
Do-It-Yourself
MONSTER MAKE-UP
HANDBOOK
Introduction by Rick Baker

DICK SMITH'S MONSTER MAKE-UP HANDBOOK.
Step-by-step make-up guide. Great for beginners and Halloween. Introduction by Rick Baker.
$9.95


NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

COMPLETE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD FILMBOOK
by John Russo. Hundreds of rare, behind the scenes photos and an insiders view of the making of the film. By the co-author of the original novel.
$10.95

EROTICISM IN THE FANTASY CINEMA
by Bill George. History and philosophy of eroticism in science fiction and horror films. Introduction by Christopher Lee.
$14.95

imagine inc.

STARLOG PRESS, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016

PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING ITEMS:
☐ **GRANDE ILLUSIONS** $9.95 ☐ **EROTICISM** $14.95
☐ **DICK SMITH'S MONSTER MAKE-UP** $9.95
☐ **COMPLETE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD FILMBOOK** $10.95
☐ **FJA, FAMOUS MONSTER OF FILMLAND** $10.95
☐ **DRACULA SOIL PENDANT** $9.95 ☐ $4.95 with order

ENCLOSED IS ________ plus $2.50 postage.

NAME ________________________________

ADDRESS ________________________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________ ZIP ____________

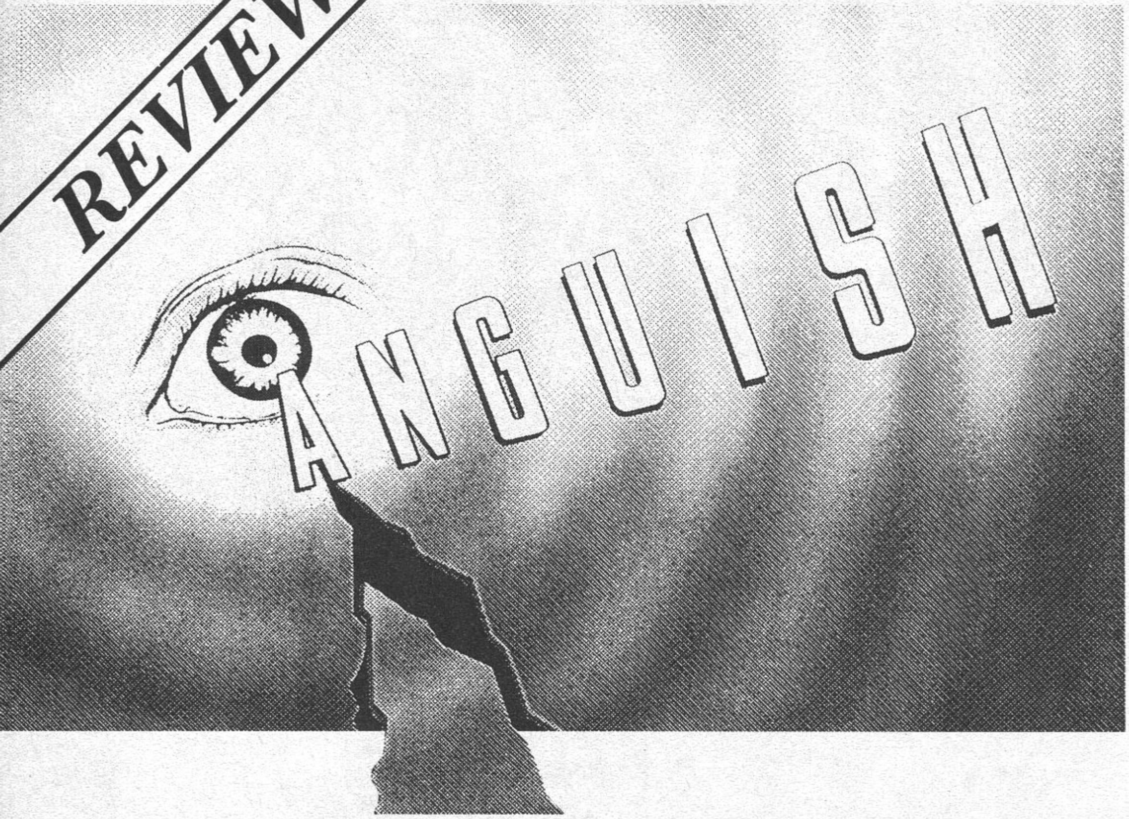
PLEASE PRINT

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
Please send my **FREE** Pendant. I've ordered at least two (2) "books" from this ad.

Horror! Sci-fi! Fantasy!

****These are the authentic pendants once sold through the pages of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND in the 1970's. They come complete with a Certificate of Authenticity.**

REVIEW



The Eyes Lose It

"...has no focus, is not the least bit frightening..."

By DOUG BROD

Zelda Rubinstein undergoes the film's irritating "hypnosis" process.

John Waters knows how to create a certified new movie gimmick. For *Polyester*, his first foray into mainstream cinema, the trash-loving filmmaker took his cue from his showman idol William Castle and came up with an amusing supplement to the film proper. Called Odorama, it was a process by which audience members were able to smell what was on the screen with the aid of special cards supplied at the box office. After scratching and sniffing numbers on the card corresponding to those that flash on screen, viewers enjoyed the glorious bouquet of a gas oven or the olfactory pleasures of a well-used gym sock. This extradimensional audience participation augmented the already amusing movie. With card in hand, viewers could leave the theater with something more than gooey sneakers and—at that time—a $4.00 personal budget deficit.

Which brings us to Bigas Luna. Luna's apparently some festival award-winning director who's into "involving the viewer himself physically in the film" (according to a press release). Sounds cool. The film in question is *Anguish*, a psycho-mom-lets-loose-a-psycho-son movie with a twist.

Anguish opens with a disclaimer warning audience members that they will be subjected to subliminal messages and a state of brief hypnosis, and if they start to feel like they're losing their minds they'd best scram from the bijou pronto. Good idea, inviting people to *leave* the theater. And they expect to make money off this thing?

The movie stars the homuncular Zelda Rubinstein (the psychic Tangina from *Poltergeist*, *Poltergeist II: The Other Side* and, whew, *Poltergeist III*) as Alice, domineering mother with a tight mental grip on her disturbed, oafish son John (Michael Lerner). Seems that John, an orderly in an eye hospital, is losing his sight, so he goes around murdering folks and plucking out their orbs for his collection.

After around half an hour, this story is revealed to be a film within a film when writer/director Luna switches the point-of-view to that of an audience watching this lurid tale (called *The Mommy*) unfold at an afternoon showing. Occasionally, *Anguish* cuts back to *The Mommy*, which culminates in John's murderous rampage through a theater showing *The Lost World*. Then, you guessed it, a madman who has seen *The Mommy* a few too many times starts stalking the matinee audience. All clear?

Obviously, *Anguish*'s concept bears a close resemblance to that of the far superior *Demons* in that it attempts to break down the wall between the movie and the moviegoer. The difference is that *Demons* was pure fantasy and *Demons* moved, while *Anguish* fails to convincingly set up the break from the artifice of the movie image to the reality of the movie screening—the shift is perfunctory and unsatisfying. And the whole thing's leadenly paced, to boot.

And that gimmick—well, that gimmick is just annoying: A couple of times during the

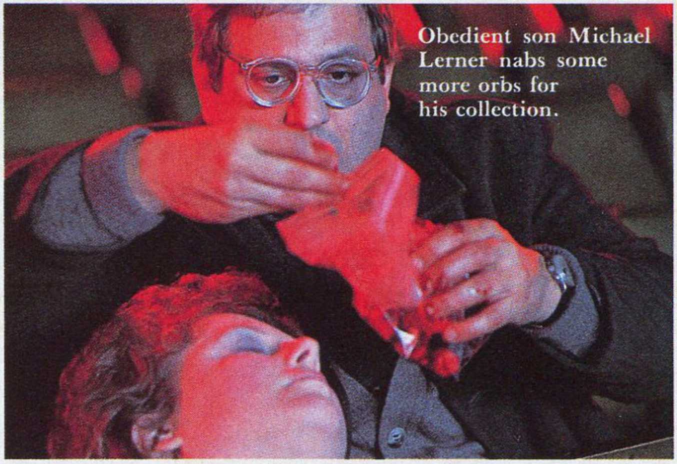
The old film-within-a-film ploy gets dusted off one more time.

beginning of the movie an optical swirl appears on the screen, accompanied by various intonations by the Smurf-voiced Rubinstein. The spiral spins as the camera moves in closer and closer, until. . . until. . . until you start looking at your watch. The opening disclaimer is silly; it offers something the film does not deliver. The supposed added zing is intangible, and, er, where were those subliminal messages, anyway?

Had Luna been really on the ball, he'd have sent scalpel-wielding ushers scrambling through the aisles yelling, "I'm coming, Mother!" as horrified patrons screamed and popcorn tubs flew. He also would have concentrated on the mind of the mass murderer, drawn by a movie to act upon his violent fantasies, an idea the film only briefly touches upon. A sharp auteur would have also let go of that cheap-shot final "surprise." (What's next, *Anguish, Part 2—John Lives*? Ooh, *scary*.)

Luna deserves a commendation of sorts, however, for having the nerve to create what is solely a theatrical experience, making no concessions to the living room viewer. This picture has no chance on video, where the theater-within-a-theater effect will be entirely lost. *Anguish*'s final credits even roll on the screen showing *The Mommy*.

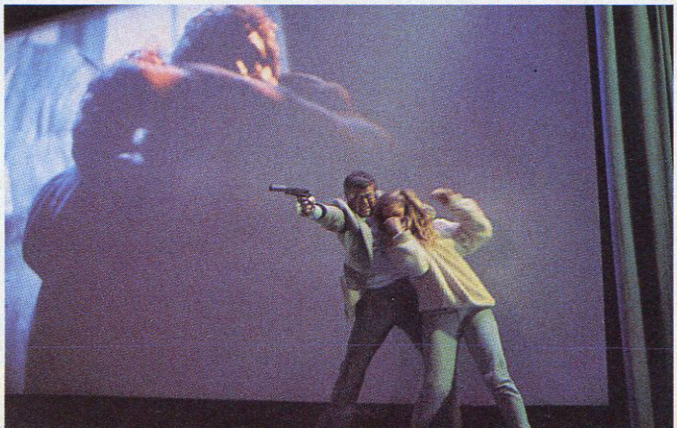
To his credit, Luna manages some handsome, almost Argento-like images. John's meticulous rescue of his pet bird trapped behind a chiffonier milks every speck of suspense from the situation, and the cool, clinical dispatching of a bitchy eye patient is handled with considerable flair. But *Anguish* has no focus, is not the least bit frightening and is likely to leave goremongers scratching their noggins and eagerly anticipating *Ghoulies 3*.



Obedient son Michael Lerner nabs some more orbs for his collection.

Photos: Copyright 1987 Spectrafilm

By its conclusion, *Anguish* forfeits the lion's share of audience interest.



PIECE O'MIND

by Chas. Balun

Cannibal Chunk Blowers

Photos: Courtesy Stephen Jochsberger Collection

Not all zombies are cannibals, and not all cannibals are zombies.

"When the cannibals come, I want you to shoot me," says the jungle debutante to her guide. She's already seen what the New Guinea heathens have done to the others and wants no part of it. Better a nice, clean, quick bullet to the brain, than to suffer the ignominious fleshen desecrations the cannibals have in store for these cocky interlopers. Can't blame the gal, can you? She has firsthand eyewitness knowledge of the cannibal catalog of atrocities: eye pokes, limb whackings, disembowelments, violations of the primary and secondary sex organs, the skinning alive and eating of the coiled, slippery viscera.

Eek! Poor Sheila, just a good city girl who's spent all her money to locate her runaway sister, lost amongst the cannibals and the crackpot cult psychos who've made these jungles their home. And, much like the seminal cannibal BBQers in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, these folks don't take kindly to trespassers.

Sheila does manage to survive, but most everyone else gets *Eaten Alive by the Cannibals* in this warm-up for director Umberto Lenzi's next mondo cannibalis extravaganza, *Cannibal Ferox* (1981). Both features are nearly interchangeable, though the former (a.k.a. *Doomed to Die*) features a rather diverting, complex subplot involving a twisted Jim Jones-style demigod who "gets high on PAIN" and leads his own cobra venom cult toward soul purging and purification. One thing remains constant in both features: director Lenzi's trademark dog-and-pony show, gleefully trotted out to showcase some of the most repellent, disgusting flesh feasting ever seen on screen.

Quickly, then, let's run through some of the appetizers shoveled up by Lenzi in *Eaten Alive by the Cannibals*: three blow-dart deaths, giant hooks imbedded in flesh, barefoot fire-walking, a partial decapitation, a still-kicking crocodile that's slit open from chin to rectum, basketsful of spitting cobras, monkeys chewed up and swallowed by a huge snake (real), a guy getting his arm ripped off by a crocodile (fake), a native guide dismembered and gutted, a woman cannibalized with her left breast removed and eaten. Whew! Let's come up for air just a minute! Then: a weird cannibal sex ritual, lots of topless cannibal babes, a cobra versus a mongoose (the snake buys the farm), decapitation of a native, a big lizard barfing up a huge snake, more lizards and crocs being skinned alive, more cannibal sex, another woman with her ear, leg and breast removed and eaten, thoracic cavities split open and scooped out, a cannibal dude with wazoo cut off (not eaten—gotta wait for *Ferox*, made a year later). OK, enough already. I'll have to spare you the really juicy details here in this family-oriented publication, but methinks you get the picture.

Actually, *Eaten Alive by the Cannibals* is probably more violent and mean-spirited than its successor, but the relentless depiction of prolonged and sadistic torture in *Ferox* is what pushes this sick puppy over the top. Eyeball violence (rapidly becoming the staple feature in Italian splatter) and, once again, both primary and secondary sex organ mutilation lead the parade of prurience in *Cannibal Ferox*. One of the women is impaled on gigantic hooks and hung by her breasts, left to twist in the wind and die slowly. Bad as that seems, what happens to poor old John Morghen (the *Gates of Hell* drill-press lobotomy and flesh-hunting Vietnam vet in *Cannibals in the Streets*) is even worse: Minus his right hand and some personal anatomy, Morghen lends his head to become a table's centerpiece as he succumbs to the impromptu brain salad surgery performed by machete.

It should be easy by now to understand why these films are referred to as "the Pasta Land Chunk Blowers" by the subgenre's cognoscenti. Nobody but nobody does it like the Italians. Cannibal films are not entirely new, of course, but rarely have they been taken to the heights/depths that our Old World blood brothers have achieved with such demented fare as Ruggero Deodato's *The Last Cannibal World* (1976) and *Cannibal Holocaust* (1979), Joe D'Amato's (Aristide Masaccessi) *Emanuelle and the Last Cannibals* (1977) (a.k.a. *Trap Them and Kill Them*), Marino Giorlami's *Queen of the Cannibals/Zombie Holocaust* (1980) (a.k.a. *Dr. Butcher, M.D.*); Lenzi's earlier *Deep River Savages* (1972) and Bruno Mattei's *Cannibal Virus* (1981).

Dessert time in cannibal land.

The Italians have also expanded the parameters of cannibalism to include not only the mud-caked jungle pagan plunderers, but also various zombies, taxidermists, sex cults and Vietnam vets among their flesh-gobbling ranks. Remember, all zombies may also be cannibals, but certainly not all cannibals are zombies. This distinction *needs* to be made. Now you can sleep nights again.

Cannibal combat troops were a contemporary twist to the old gut-munching mythos in Antonio Margheriti's *Cannibals in the Streets* (1980) starring John

"Yummy, yummy, yummy, I pulled guts from a tummy," sings a *Make Them Die Slowly* trio.

A jungle intruder fails to keep his hands to himself.

Saxon, John Morghen and Lucio Fulci's FX man, Gionetto De Rossi. Infected by a heretofore unexplained "cannibal virus" while in Vietnam, these vets return home, chew the scenery for a while, and finally put the bite on the city of Atlanta, Georgia.

Unexceptionally gory even in the original uncut Italian version, *Cannibals in the Streets* was cut down further to secure an R rating for its U.S. release as *Invasion of the Flesh Hunters*. Most of the deep bites take place off screen, organ/limb munching is kept to a minimum, and even the numerous blood hits are routinely delivered.

However, nothing of a routine nature is evident in Joe D'Amato's twisted, perverted little tale of boy meets girl, boy buries girl, boy digs up girl, brings her home, eats her heart and stuffs her! *Blue Holocaust* (1979) (a.k.a. *Beyond the Darkness* a.k.a. *Buried Alive*) is one mean, dirty little movie, featuring uncomfortably realistic autopsy footage as well as a geek's-eye view of what appears to be the cremation of a real corpse. Despite its unsavory and frequently repellent nature, it still remains one of D'Amato's more coherent works. Don't forget, this is the same guy responsible for the piss-

Reason #96 why *Buried Alive* failed to make the Junior League's Best Movies for Kids list.

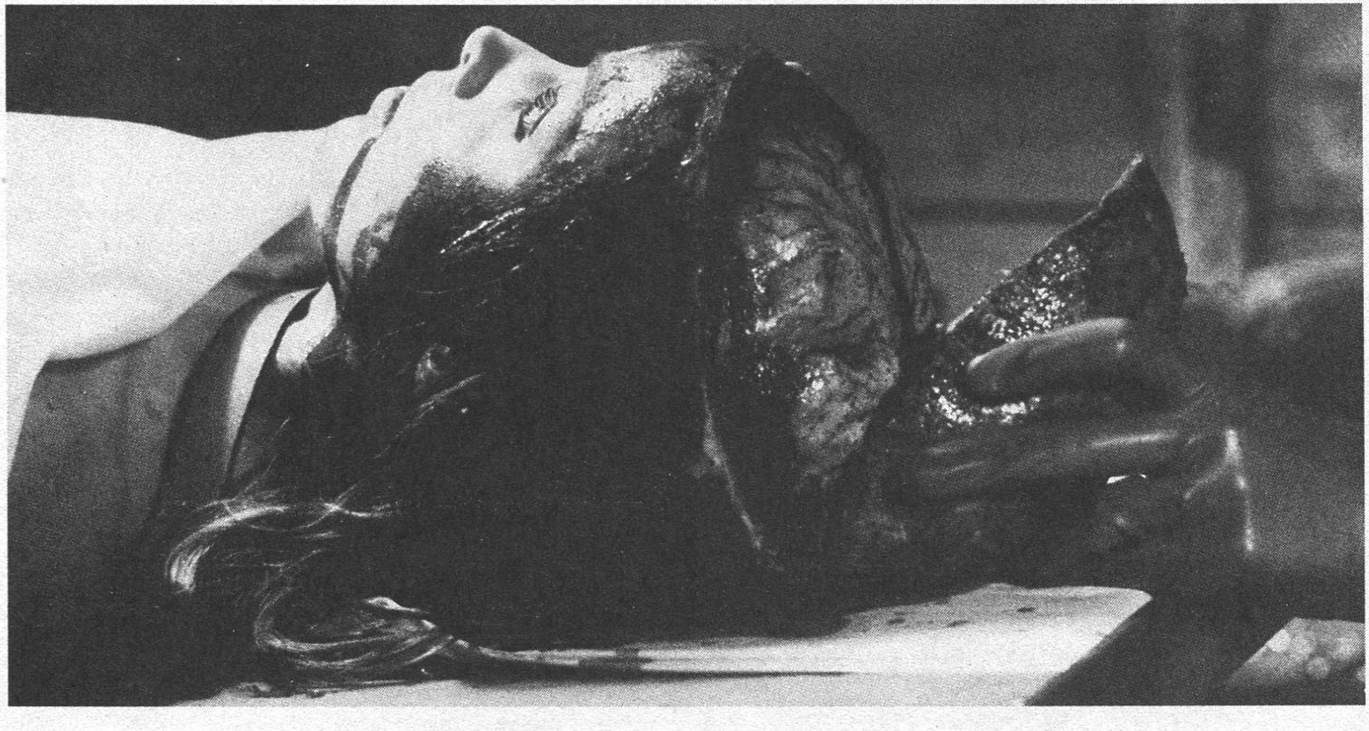
Eye gouging ranks high in the Italian oeuvre.

awful *Grim Reaper* (1980), the hard-core features *Porno Holocaust* and *Sexy Nights of the Living Dead* and about 50 other unpraiseworthy trash romps.

Although the cannibal craze has petered out (ouch!) a bit since its heyday in the '70s and early '80s, features like *Cannibal Terror* (1987) and *Women's Prison Against the Cannibals* (1986) as well as Ruggero Deodato's promised sequel *Cannibal Holocaust 2* will certainly continue to find their own peculiarly rabid audiences throughout the world. What started out quietly enough for this cinematic subgenre with John Farrow's *Five Came Back* (1939) has progressed/regressed from there into the no-holds-barred, balls-to-the-wall splatter spectacles you see at your video stores bearing stickers like "Banned in 31 countries!" or "Warning! This film contains scenes of graphic cannibalism and mutilation," or, most simply, "Put this movie down, sucker! You're not *man* enough!"

As discriminating and responsible as your reporter is, I still can't resist a good, meaty challenge. (Musical interlude) "I dig c-a-n-n-i-b-a-l-s (thump, thump). They bring out the a-n-i-m-a-l in me. I dig cannibals! . . ."

Dr. Butcher finds little difficulty in living up to his surname.



FANTACO ENTERPRISES PRESENTS

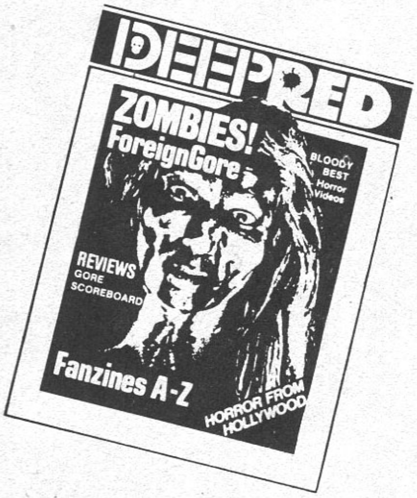
SPLATTER HEAVEN

IF YOU DON'T HAVE THESE BOOKS.....THEN YOU MUST ALREADY BE DEAD!
COME WALLOW WITH US....DEEP....DEEPER STILL....INTO THE RED AND BEYOND!

DEEP RED
Argento's Inferno
Fulci
New Gore FX
MOVIES WITH GUTS
BLOODY BEST Horror Videos
GORE SCOREBOARD
LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT
HORROR FROM THE HEART OF HOLLYWOOD

RED ALERT!

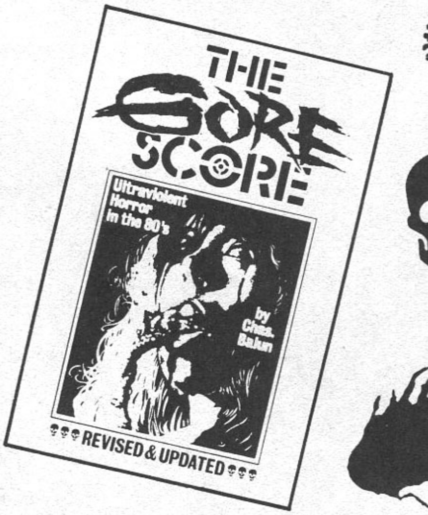
"I have seen the future of horror and its name is... DEEP RED."


DEEP RED
ZOMBIES!
ForeignGore
BLOODY BEST Horror Videos
REVIEWS
GORE SCOREBOARD
Fanzines A-Z
HORROR FROM HOLLYWOOD

VOLUME 1. Quarterly journal of horror film commentary; interviews with David A. Hess (LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT), James Karen and Tom Fox (RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD), and new FX artist Steve Patino (FROM BEYOND, PREDATOR, MONSTER SQUAD) with photo tour of his studio and featuring his extensive FX prop collection, features on Lucio Fulci, Argento's INFERNO, TEXAS CHAINSAW; Movies with Guts; Horror Hotline; Gore Scoreboard more!

VOLUME 2. Exclusive interview with Mark (FROM BEYOND, EVIL DEAD 2, NIGHTMARE ON ELM 2-3) Shostrom and photo tour of his FX studio; celebrity guest writer Gunnar (Leatherface) Hansen's "Post Chainsaw Dating Etiquette"; lunch with Forrest J. Ackerman.

SPECIAL ZOMBIE ISSUE also includes Foreign and Domestic dead; obscure European Gore Films; complete horror fanzine list (U.S. and foreign); interview with Jeffrey (RE-ANIMATOR, FROM BEYOND) Combs; L.A. Monster Makers Annual Halloween Makeup Contest. I could go on and on...


THE GORE SCORE
Ultraviolent Horror in the 80's
by Chas. Balun
REVISED & UPDATED

HORROR HOLOCAUST
Chas. Balun

ZOMBIES • MUTANTS • BRAIN EATERS CANNIBAL CARNAGE

"Top contender for 'must-have' splatter book of the year! We'll give 'em an A+!"
FILMFAX MAGAZINE

Reviews over 300 recent splatter epics with a unique dual-rating system...

"This little masterpiece...is hilarious. The man is a genius...every review is witty and some are downright hysterical. Balun tells it like it is. You gotta like this guy."
FANGORIA MAGAZINE

STARLOG PRESS • 475 Park Avenue South • New York, NY 10016

Please send me:

__copies of HORROR HOLOCAUST @ **$9.95**
__copies of THE GORE SCORE @ **$6.95**
__copies of DEEP RED, Vol. 1 @ **$4.95**
__copies of DEEP RED, Vol. 2 @ **$4.95**

Name ________________________

Address ________________________

City __________ State ____ Zip ______

ADD $2.50 POSTAGE PER ORDER (FOREIGN: ADD 5.00)

classified massacre

For as little as $15, you can reach over one million horror fans, comprising the largest horror audience in the world.

DEADLINE: For GOREZONE #2—in our office by March 14, 1988
For GOREZONE #3—in our offices by May 17, 1988

BASIC RATE: $5.00 per line (limit: 45 characters per line) MINIMUM—THREE LINES. Punctuation symbols and spaces count as characters. **Small Display ads:** $40 per column inch (Camera-Ready ONLY!)

HEADLINE: First line only—Word(s) of your choice (underline them) will be printed in **BOLD CAPS.**

CATEGORY: Please be sure to indicate the category you want to be listed under.

PAYMENT: Cash, check or money order must accompany ad order. (checks payable to O'Quinn Studios, Inc.)

MAIL TO: **GOREZONE Magazine, Classified** 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016

CATALOGS

SELLING JAMES BOND, TV AVENGERS, U.N.C.L.E., Monkees, Dark Shadows, Comic Books, Annette, Lucy, Star Trek, Star Wars, Playboys, Sci-Fi and Monster Mags, Movie and TV Photos, Magazines and Posters, Gum Cards, Books, Catalog $1.50. TV Guide Catalog 1951-1987 $1.50. Howard Rogofsky, Box GZ107, Glen Oaks, NY 11004

HORROR, SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY, BUTTONS, POSTERS, STILLS, SHIRTS AND MORE!

FOR COMPLETE CATALOG AND FREE BUTTON SAMPLE

SEND $2.00 TO:
"KOOTS" Corp.
10 Levydale Park
Cortland, N.Y. 13045
American Currency Only.

MAKEUP, MASKS, LATEX, PROPS, CAPES, BLOODS, prosthetics, books, much more. Send $2 for 17 page catalog. Your $2 will be applied to first order. Show Time Theatrical, 1351 Beville Rd, Daytona Beach, FL 32019. 904-788-8009.

MOVIE POSTERS

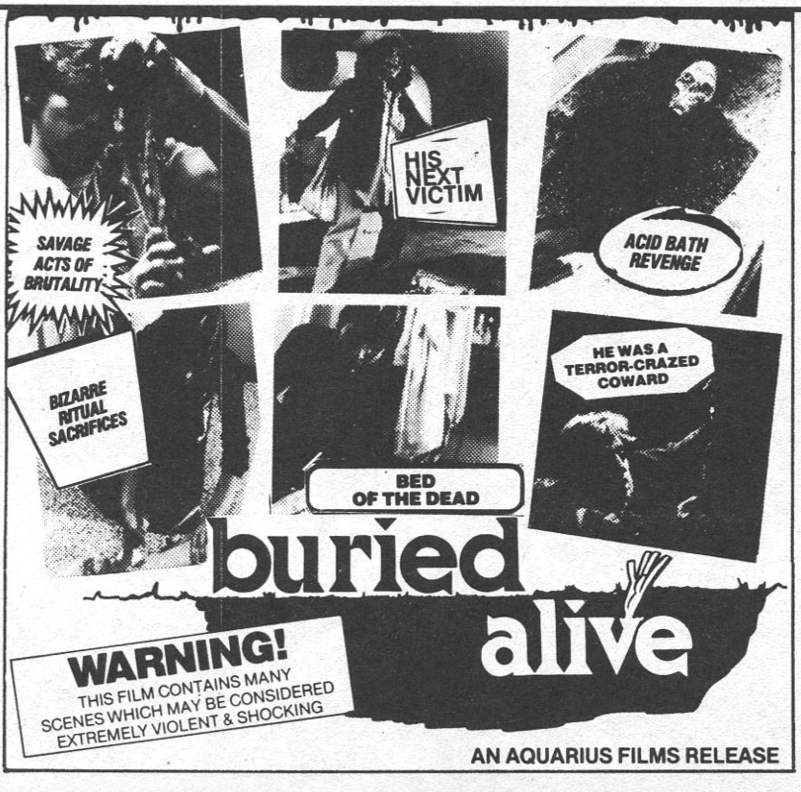
MOVIE POSTERS, STILLS, LOBBY CARDS, TRAILERS, MORE! Send $1.00 for giant 32 page catalog (deduct from first order). The Original Movie Poster Place, Box 128, Lansdowne, PA 19050

GET TACKY. Sci-Fi horror and exploitation movie posters for sale. Send $2.00 for small but sleazy catalog. THE POSTER PIT, RD #3, Box 195, Catawissa, PA 17820.

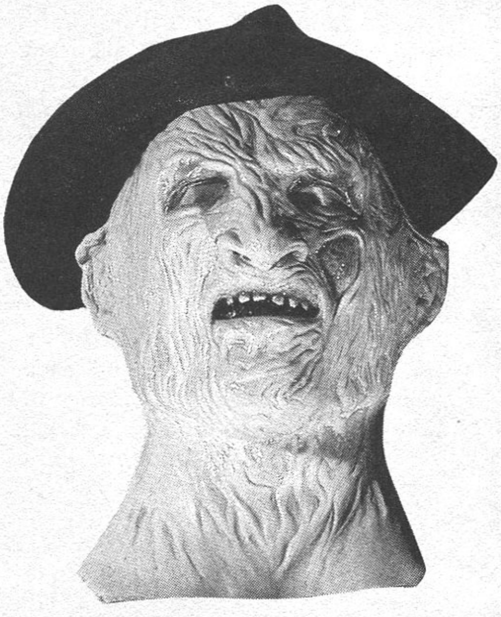
MISCELLANEOUS

JOIN THE BEVERLY GARLAND CLUB and receive 3 journals with photos, film and TV credit list, bio, membership card and a personally autographed photo from the Queen of '50s horror. For application, send SASE to Carl Del Vecchio, 115 Prospect Ave., Westwood, NJ 07675

BRAIN DAMAGE—THE NOVEL: Critically praised novelization by former Fango editor Bob Martin. Copies still available, but going fast. For current price info, send S.A.S.E. to: Broslin Press, P.O. Box 1711, Hoboken, NJ 07030


SAVAGE ACTS OF BRUTALITY
HIS NEXT VICTIM
ACID BATH REVENGE
BIZARRE RITUAL SACRIFICES
BED OF THE DEAD
HE WAS A TERROR-CRAZED COWARD
buried alive
WARNING!
THIS FILM CONTAINS MANY SCENES WHICH MAY BE CONSIDERED EXTREMELY VIOLENT & SHOCKING
AN AQUARIUS FILMS RELEASE

No, you can't be Freddy Krueger ...



. . . but you can come close with this outrageous full-head mask from Don Post Studios! Safe, well-constructed latex Freddy head, plus durable separate hat—so lifelike, you'll be the man of everyone's dreams! **Only $29.99 plus postage.**

CLIP OR COPY

Send cash, check or money order

STARLOG PRESS
475 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016

FREDDY MASK and HAT $29.99

Please add $3.50 for each order to cover postage and handling. (Foreign: $10)

Name ________________

Street ________________

City ______ **State** ______ **Zip** ______

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
If you don't wish to cut magazine, we accept written orders.

AMORPHOUS

(continued from page 17)

And saw *the creature.* Through the fire.

Locked in that terrible tableau, we should have heard it before, because the noise it made was hideous and clamorous. Growls that began at a nearly inaudible pitch turned to urgent whines, hisses of soulless twitterings, then yowling ululations that threatened to rush up the auricular scale and crash in mighty roars. I heard as if in *memory* its feet scrabbling on the floor as it sped, scuttled, crabbed and yawed across the room and reared to shadow-muscled hindlegs beyond the youth brandishing the torch.

There was the subtlest suggestion of shifting images—scalings, tufts of many-colored fur, flashes of curved bone, or fang, and something that *rattled.* Then the side of the boy's face was a river to match the hue of the flame. His whole shoulder disappeared into a drooling maw that imbedded in it—and *wrenched!* Boy and arm went in different directions, hurtled across the floor as if shot, and the beast was instantly, devouringly, upon the other savages, seemingly at the same time.

Golly,there's just no way I can describe what all I saw, Lieutenant. And maybe there's no way I should, considering my behavior. To tell you the truth, I shouted encouragement to that creature. In my granddaddy's name, I *urged* it to rend those—those real monstrosities!

You said nothing came out of that burning house but me. And I'll grant you my imagination could have exaggerated the appearance of the creature. I'd been injured; I was terrified. Perhaps it didn't . . . *do* . . . just what I saw happen to those murdering kids.

But I can't and won't change the way I escaped. You said yourself the fire began in the bedroom, on the third floor, that it spread to the stairs fast; that it's impossible that I could have escaped *except* from that bedroom window—and I'm unharmed. Unscratched. You can see that.

Yet I saw something *else* come out of that bedroom, damnit, Quaid. Something that was the product of the mass killing that occurred in the basement of the place—a slaughter of innocent beings, all shoved together into a single, smouldering, unrecognizable mass. Something with claws and long ears, hard animal muscle, with fangs and feathers, with paws shaped like an indescribably mammoth version of a puppy's feet—something with great, catlike flanks for positively amazing leaps. . .

Something with *wings*. Something large enough to carry a man who looks more like his granddaddy every day.

ENGLUND

(continued from page 22)

point that he makes a pact with the devil via a phone line to hell. "The characters are blue-collar kids from the wrong side of the tracks," Englund continues, "places with a little more funky charm. Not Penelope Spheeris' *Suburbia*. . . dreadful, soiled, graffiti, supermarket kind of America. Evil is inhabiting the lives of small people, it's manifesting itself there."

Englund describes the personality traits and quirks that he's after as average American. "You don't find this in New York; it's way too trendy or just desperate. You don't find it in LA, but you do find it in Stockton, Seattle, and in Chicago. The look is a romanticized wrong side of the tracks, a little bit timeless, even though the movie's contemporary. I could almost say, 'Once upon a time.' Originally, they wanted me to have the movie end with the devil going into the phone lines of America. Oh, no! It's not a movie about the 976 numbers; it's about one kid's envy of his fabulous James Dean cousin and how evil manifests itself in that thwarted, adolescent mind.

"I also wanted to avoid any comparison with the Piper Laurie/Sissy Spacek home in *Carrie*," Englund nods. "So the abuse of religion that Aunt Lacy [Sandy Dennis] has in my movie is a much more Jim and Tammy abuse of religion, a [famous millionaire religious media huckster] Rev. Schuller's gift shop gone mad. I wanted to dismiss the wonderful fetish kind of stuff that was in the Piper Laurie home, *Angel Heart*, or even in *The Believers*. Of course, they all had $20 million more than I had. But I wanted all the religious 'kitsch' I could find, as opposed to all the serious icons and paraphernalia.

"I've sort of had a reinterest in the horror genre," Englund admits. "Hanging out with Kevin Yagher and his effects crew, hearing their tastes again and respecting them, and wanting to know how to answer people at conventions, talking to the fans about what they like—I have an affinity for the genre, sure, but it's a 'Johnny-Come-Lately' kind of thing."

When Robert Englund gets himself a busman's holiday, he sees films like *Room With a View*, *Barfly* or "gems" like *Get Carter*, *Morgan*, or Bertolucci's *1900*. More revelations follow as Englund fesses up. "A movie like *Tender Mercies* is much more up my alley than the one I'm directing. Not that I wouldn't want *Terminator* or *ALIENS* on a desert isle. I would!"

And what other genre titles have impressed "Mr. Freddy the K," you ask? He answers: "I still think the uncut version of John Carpenter's *The Thing* is the best horror film made in the last 10 years. I just loved it. And the uncut *Sisters*. De Palma's use of the split screen, the video nightmare—it's brilliant, brilliant. I just saw *The Fury* again and liked it a whole lot better than the first time."

Englund will also own up to enjoying and appreciating the spectacular stunts, gags and FX in recent genre releases, but emphasizes, "I think they've forgotten the *story*. I don't care if there are miles and miles of subjective camera, or if the balance is tipped in favor of gore. Stuart Gordon's films have humor and an awful lot on the screen for the budget, but they're missing story, too."

The man even has some very charitable words concerning his crosstown rival and fellow King of Carnage, Jason Voorhees. "I hate to put down the *Friday the 13th* films. It's too easy, it's unfair. But if you do look closely, there's a good story there that's been neglected. You can get miles and miles out of a good story."

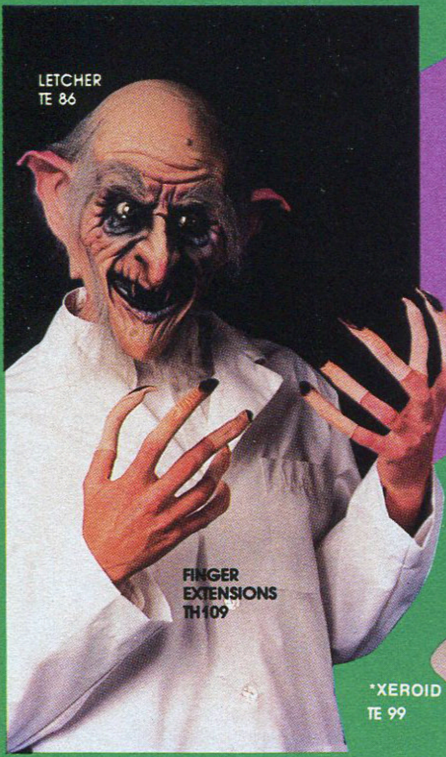
Englund would like audiences to go with the flow of his "nasty, evil, profane little movie" and assess his directorial skills on how he handles the story and his actors. Directing a film hasn't been a cakewalk, but England's used to the long, gruelling days. "Chuck Russell [director of *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors*] got me back into macho hours after being spoiled in television. I never worked so hard in my life. I don't mind the hours. I can handle it, though I do feel guilty pushing my crew."

He also divulges, "This whole movie's been surreal. My first day was spent shooting in a men's room, with urinals, toilets, smoke, effects, graffiti, toxic paint, and all the farts that were mustered during the day. We were in there for 15 hours. Then, for later sequences, I'm on a ladder throwing dead fish at Sandy Dennis one night. Yesterday, I spent all day in a room watching my leading man and leading lady make love."

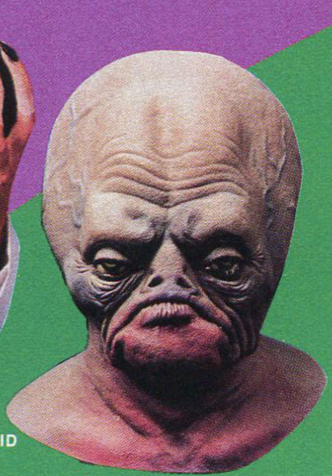
Robert Englund appears confident that horror fans everywhere will find lots to like in *976-EVIL*, though that wish is tempered with the knowledge that he's got a heavy friend to lean on if the audience starts grumbling. Someone who's in your thoughts, your dreams. Or, as Englund puts it, "Someone who's in your drawer. . . with your condoms. Look out. Freddy knows what you keep *under* your underwear. He knows what's in your diary."

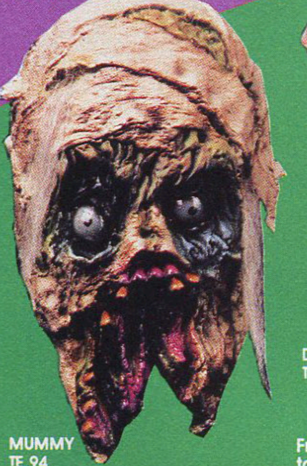
Let's hope all our personal journals include the entry: "*976-EVIL*—one hell of a directorial debut for a hot new talent *behind* the camera."

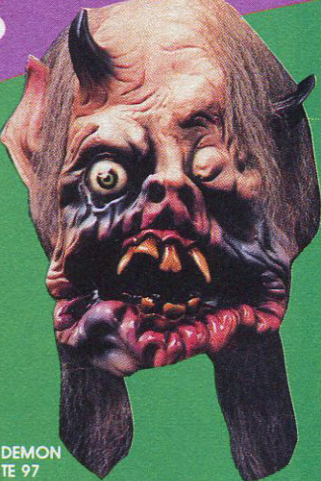
the stuff Nightmares are made of. . . .


LETCHER
TE 86

FINGER
EXTENSIONS
TH109


*XEROID
TE 99

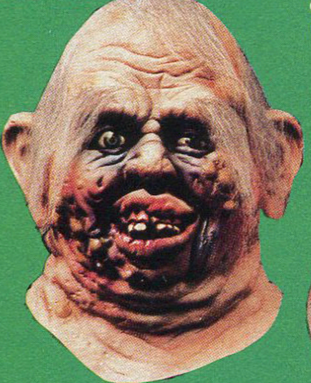

MUMMY
TE 94


DEMON
TE 97

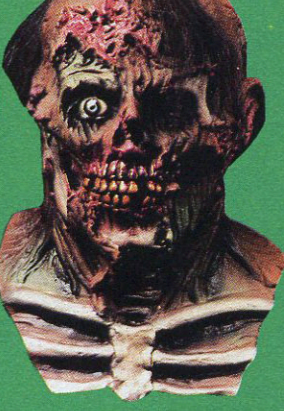
From the stench of the crypt
to the chain saw that slipped. . .

These professional props and masks are sure to generate disgust and anxiety.

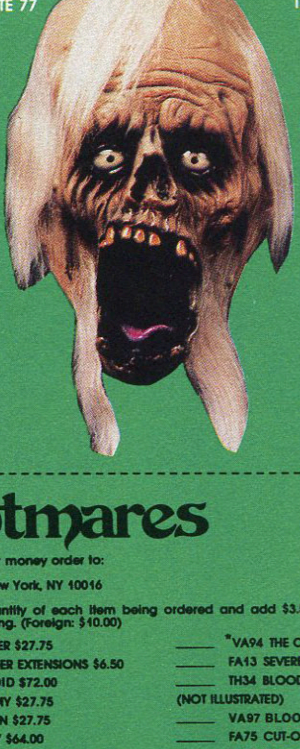
LUMPY TE 92



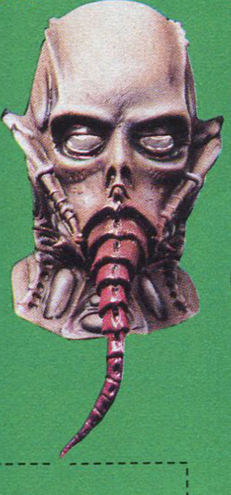
ROTTED
CORPSE
TE 05



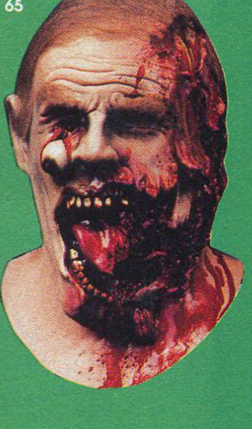
DECAY
TE 77



*THANATOID
TE 104



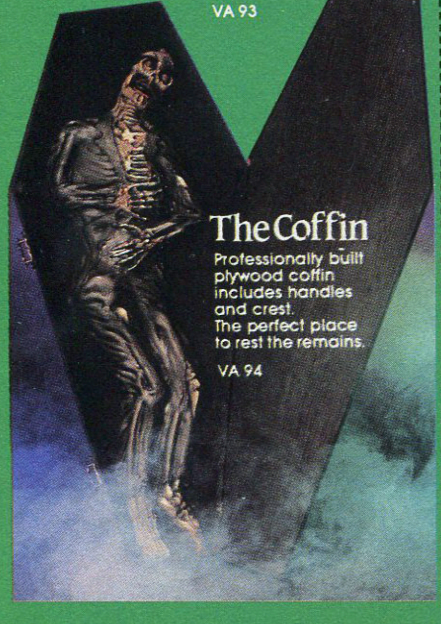
GRIZZLE
TE 65



The Corpse

This life size decomposing body is 6 ft. tall and is one of the most exciting products to come along since Halloween itself.

VA 93



The Coffin

Professionally built plywood coffin includes handles and crest.
The perfect place to rest the remains.

VA 94

Nightmares

Send cash, check or money order to:
STARLOG PRESS
475 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016

If you don't want to cut out coupon we will accept written orders.

Please indicate quantity of each item being ordered and add $3.50 per item to cover postage and handling. (Foreign: $10.00)

_____ TE86 LETCHER $27.75
_____ TH109 FINGER EXTENSIONS $6.50
_____ TE99 XEROID $72.00
_____ TE94 MUMMY $27.75
_____ TE97 DEMON $27.75
_____ TE92 LUMPY $64.00
_____ TE05 ROTTED CORPSE $53.00
_____ TE77 DECAY $27.75
_____ TE104 THANATOID $75.00
_____ TE65 GRIZZLE $65.00
_____ *VA93 THE CORPSE $500.00

_____ *VA94 THE COFFIN $375.00
_____ FA13 SEVERED ARM $15.75
_____ TH34 BLOODY CHEST $60.00

(NOT ILLUSTRATED)

_____ VA97 BLOOD DRIPS $7.00
_____ FA75 CUT-OFF EAR $5.00
_____ FA77 BLOODY EYE $5.00
_____ JA49 SQUISHED DEAD RAT $6.60
_____ JA56 GUTS $19.00
_____ FA66 CHEST WOUND $5.00
_____ FA65 COMPOUND FRACTURE $5.20

NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

CITY ____________________

STATE ____________________ ZIP

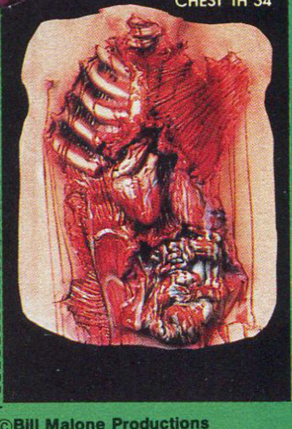
Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

* Domestic orders only on the Corpse and the Coffin.

A *$40.00 to $80.00 Freight Cost will be sent collect with purchase of Corpse and Coffin.
*This is to cover additional trucking cost.

SEVERED ARM
FA 13

GORY
CHEST TH 34



*XEROID Sculptured by Special Effects Artist, Steve Johnson. *THANATOID ©Bill Malone Productions

FUTURE SHOCK

Keep an eye peeled for the next GOREZONE! Now that we're afloat upon the high seas of cinema carnage, we know we want *you* aboard. And just to make sure you're here next time, we're packing upcoming issues full of the tastiest madness for the gore connoisseur.

George A. Romero, patron saint of the American cannibal ghoul, busily works on his new film MONKEY SHINES. Suddenly, onto the set pop John Skipp & Craig Spector, celebrated macabre authors. So what happens? Chaos breaks loose, complete with love-starved monkeys amorously assaulting Spector and a makeup FX legend trying to sell Skipp a used car. A GOREZONE exclusive, naturally.

You want directors? We've got 'em. Tommy Lee Wallace, the illustrious John Carpenter protege who helmed *Halloween III*, returns to the genre with FRIGHT NIGHT—PART 2. Then there's Frank Henenlotter, happily dishing out innards by the bucketful, only to have his masterful BRAIN DAMAGE chopped down for an R rating. Lucky for you, we'll feature a pictorial spread of censored scenes in these pages.

And of course we'll bring you the best bimonthly dosage of reviews, previews and distinguished columnists like Tim Lucas' Video Watchdog and gorehound extraordinaire Chas. Balun, not to mention an ultra-exclusive insiders' view of POLTERGEIST III from Caglione & Drexler. So stay tuned and get ready for GOREZONE #2!

ON SALE: MAY 3

SCREAMIN' T-SHIRTS

If we don't sell 8 million of these deluxe T-shirts, Leatherface will call Fango editor Tony Timpone HOME . . .

That's right, old Tony gets sent to Texas, where he'll be the main ingredient in the Chainsaw Family's "New York Deli-style" entry at the Texas/O.U. Chili Cook-off.

See, someone here in our financial department struck up an exclusive deal so we can use Tony's flesh as collateral to guarantee that we'll sell all 8 million of 'em. (And you thought Oral Roberts had problems!)

That's because we know we have the serious devotion of our readership behind us, and plus these Screamin' T-shirts are way cool! Not only do they feature your favorite Black & Decker operator in full color on 100% heavy-duty cotton, the dynamic "Puff Print" design gives you that gruesome 3-D effect. How adorable—it's like having the gore highlighted on your gut!

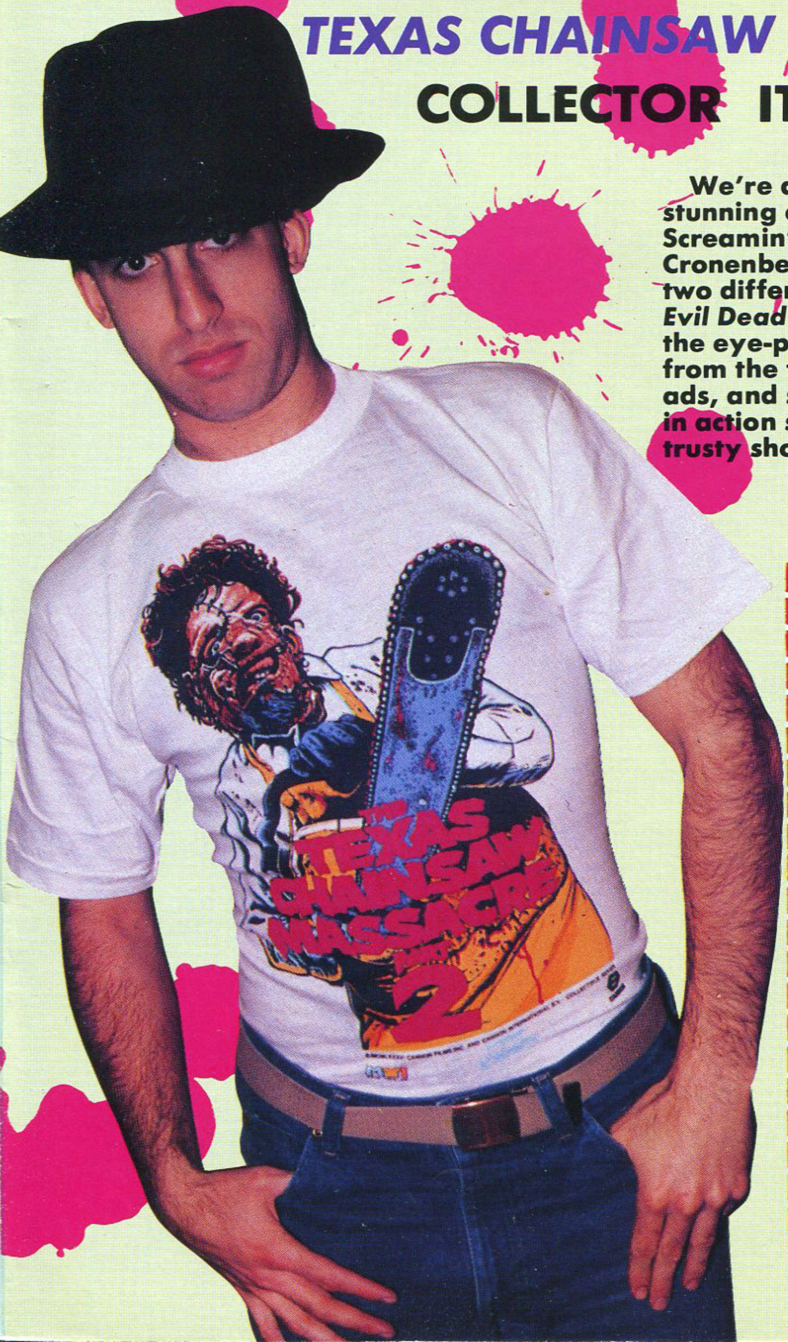
THE FLY
THE FLY

THE FLY

TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE 2

COLLECTOR ITEMS

EVIL DEAD 2



We're also offering a stunning commemorative Screamin' T-shirt for Cronenberg's *The Fly*, plus two different versions of *Evil Dead 2:* style A, with the eye-popping skull shot from the film's newspaper ads, and style B, with Ash in action swinging his trusty shovel. They all have "Puff Print" on the movie logos, and they all help keep Tony out of the meatgrinder.

So do yourself a double favor. Get a great, durable Screamin' T-shirt, and keep your favorite mag from being editorless.

Only $11.95 **+ postage.**

(EVIL DEAD shirts not shown)

Clip or Copy

STARLOG PRESS
475 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, NY 10016

Send cash, check or money order.

SCREAMIN' T-SHIRTS

Help! Pleuse! Send me quick my Screamin' T-Shirt—or else! I have enclosed $11.95 plus $2.95 to cover postage and handling ($4, Foreign) for each shirt ordered. In box, please indicate quantity of each shirt being ordered.

☐ **Small** ☐ **Medium** ☐ **Large**
☐ **THE FLY**
☐ **TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE**
☐ **EVIL DEAD 2 (Style A)**
☐ **EVIL DEAD 2 (Style B)**

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE ZIP

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

the stuff

Nightmares

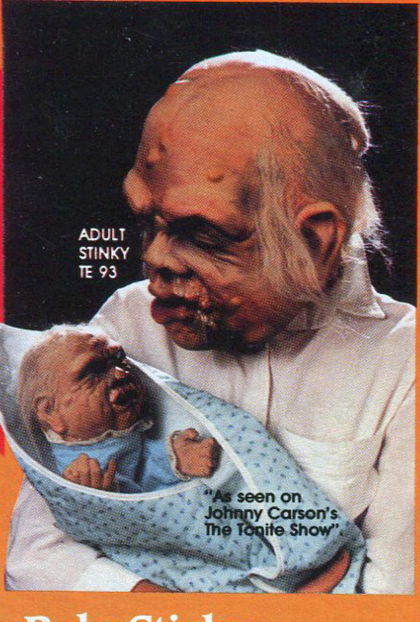
are made of. . . .

SCREAMER
TE 89

HACK
TE 74

ANDROMEDA
TE 68

Not for the squeemish —
or weak-hearted.
This hearty array of manufactured mayhem can
be delivered right to your door!
(if you can bear to open it.)



"As seen on
Johnny Carson's
The Tonite Show"

BabyStinky NA 37

The hand-held puppet that comes to life in your arms. This snot-nosed tot will warm hearts and turn stomachs.
Complete with foam filled head, roughly gowned, blanket and snot.

* SYNGENOR
TE 103

BLASTED TE 83

ROTTED
VAMPIRE
TE 90

DEATH TE 81

ZOMBIE
TE 54

TheVictim

This large prop is movie quality and the most gut wrenching sight you'll ever see. Un-nervingly realistic. Extreme attention to detail on both front and back.

VA 95

Nightmares

If you don't want to cut out coupon, we will accept written orders.

Send cash, check or money order to:
STARLOG PRESS
475 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016

Please indicate quantity of each item being ordered and add $3.50 per item to cover postage and handling. (Foreign: $10.00)

_____ TE89 SCREAMER $27.75
_____ TE74 HACK $27.75
_____ TE68 ANDROMEDA $64.00
_____ TE93 ADULT STINKY $27.75
_____ NA37 BABY STINKY $27.00
_____ TE103 SYNGENOR $75.00
_____ TE83 BLASTED $64.00
_____ TE90 ROTTED VAMPIRE $64.00
_____ TE81 DEATH $64.00
_____ TE64 ZOMBIE $53.00
_____ *VA95 THE VICTIM $500.00

_____ JA48 BRAIN $7.00
_____ JA47 HEART $7.30
_____ FA06 CUT THROAT $13.00
(NOT ILLUSTRATED)
_____ VA97 BLOOD DRIPS $7.00
_____ FA75 CUT-OFF EAR $5.00
_____ FA77 BLOODY EYE $5.00
_____ JA49 SQUISHED DEAD RAT $6.60
_____ JA56 GUTS $19.00
_____ FA66 CHEST WOUND $5.00
_____ FA65 COMPOUND FRACTURE $5.20

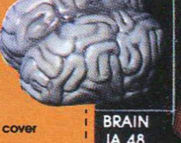
NAME ______________________________

STREET ______________________________

CITY ______________________________

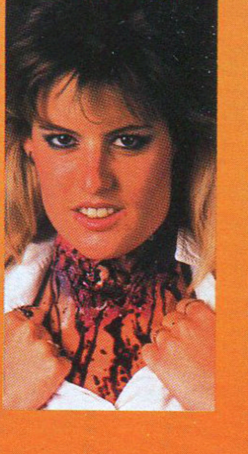
STATE ____________________ ZIP __________

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.
* Domestic orders only on the Victim.


BRAIN
JA 48

HEART
JA 47

CUT THROAT FA 06



*SYNGENOR ©Scared To Death, Bill Malone Productions